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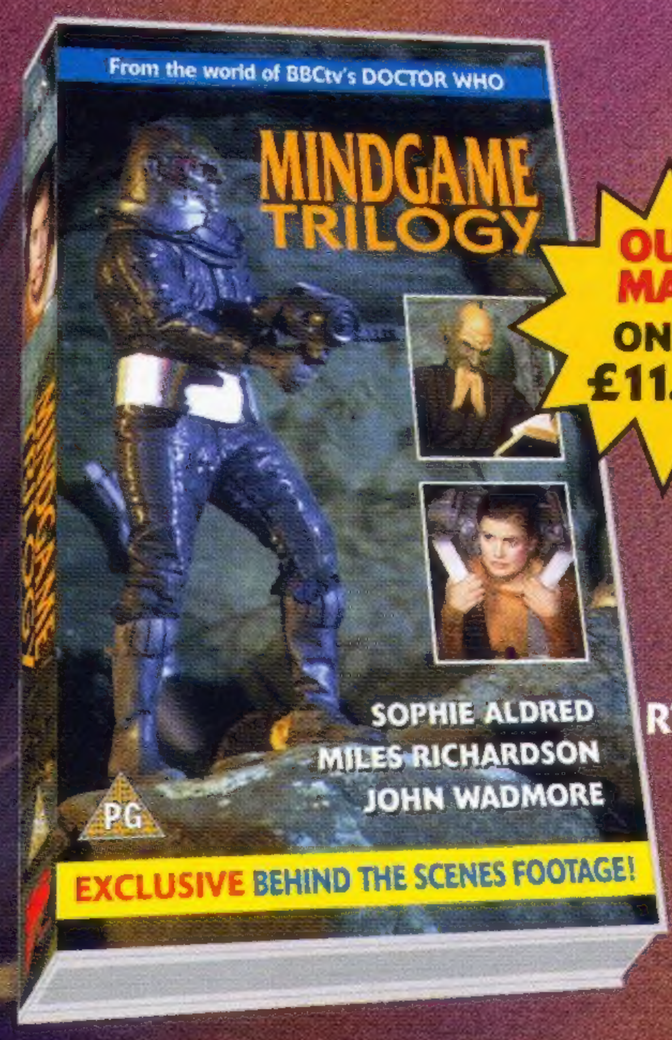

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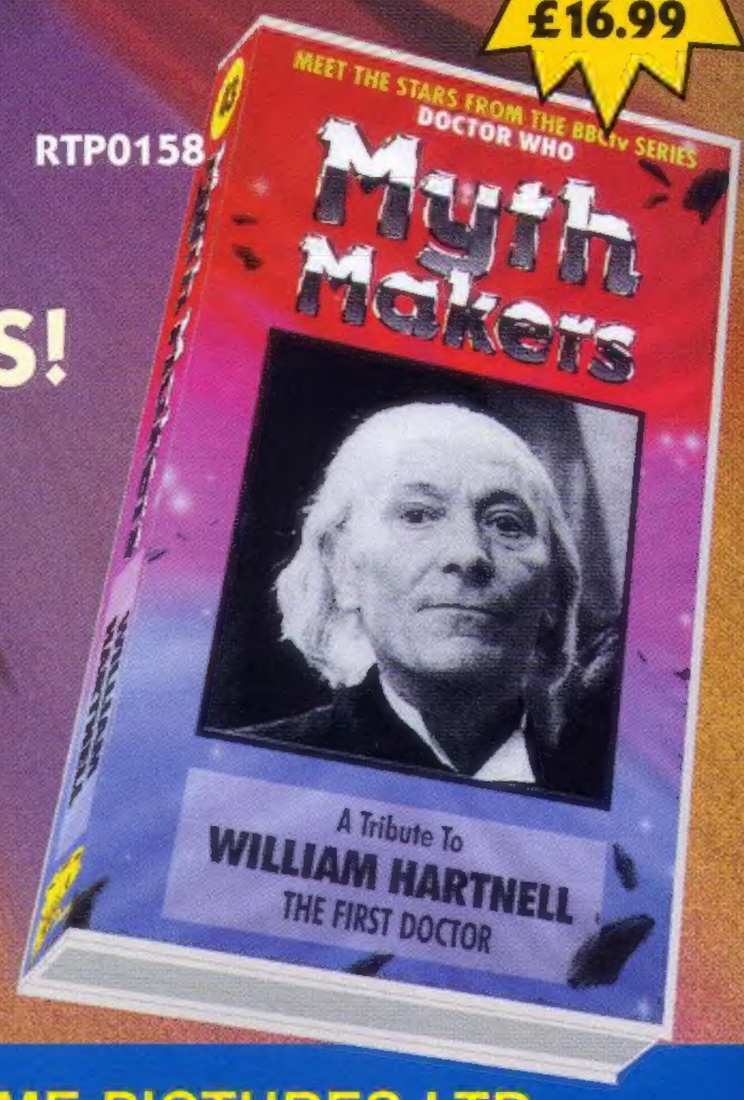

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Not that I'm jealous or bitter or twisted or anything, but Gary's livin' the life of a jet-settin' high roller in LA this month, so your super soaraway **DWM** is left in my incapable hands once again . . .

This issue's packed full of the usual gubbins, but one particular feature – the Malcolm Kohll interview on pp 26-30 – led yours truly to a shocking realisation: I'd not seen *Delta and the Bannermen* Part Three – not once, not ever. I missed it altogether at the time because I was ice-skating in Peterborough (I swear I've still got the bruises 12 years on). I rectified this shocking oversight just last night (and isn't it fab?) – but it got me thinking about the *other* episodes I'd missed when they were first on, and the various reasons why . . .

Everything between *Pyramids of Mars* and the repeat of *The Deadly Assassin* Part Four: *Doctor Who*-watching strictly *verboten* following Mummy-inspired terrors, and occasional bouts of nocturnal enuresis (look it up in the dictionary, I'm not about to humiliate myself publicly).

The Armageddon Factor Part Six: lost to trudging sulkily about Harrods' Sale. In a bid to mollify my inconsolable self, my friend David's mother was summoned to our house to deliver a fulsome recap of events – the miniaturised Doctor riding about inside K9! Princess Astra the Sixth Segment of the Key to Time! The White Guardian really the Black! The construction of the Randomiser! – which made it sound like the *best thing ever* . . .

The Leisure Hive Part One: as a particularly cruel and inventive punishment for not eating my broad beans at dinner the previous Thursday, I was banned from watching the first episode of Season Eighteen (surely there's some kind of international human rights convention forbidding such treatment).

Meglos Part Three: Henry Strevens' birthday party.

Meglos Part Four: shockingly – and presumably due to my Saturday routine being so rudely shattered the previous week – I actually forgot *Doctor Who* was on, and was instead upstairs chortling merrily over a large collection of *Shiver 'n' Shake* comics purchased at a WI jumble earlier that afternoon (the laughter soon ended, I can tell you).

. . . and *Delta* Three you know about. Now, I can't help feeling that there must be many, many others of you out there with similar tales of woe and misfortune – what is it with parents, who seem to think that shopping trips, crumbling rellies and holidays in Southend are of greater import than a *Curse of Peladon* omnibus? – and I fully expect to read them in *Timelines* before too long . . .

Editors **Alan Barnes**
Gary Gillatt
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Thanks to **John Atkin**, **Vanessa Bishop**, **David Brunt**, **Steve Cole**, **Sue Cowley**, **Johnny Dennis**, **Richard Develyn**, **Dennis Greenaway**, **Marcus Hearn**, **Malcolm Kohll**, **Jac Rayner**, **David Richardson**, **Adrian Rigelsford**, **Julie Rogers**, **Gary Russell**, **Paul Shoefield**, **Robert Sloman**, **Peter Ware**, **Martin Wiggins**, **BBC Books**, **BBC Video**, **BBV** and **Big Finish**

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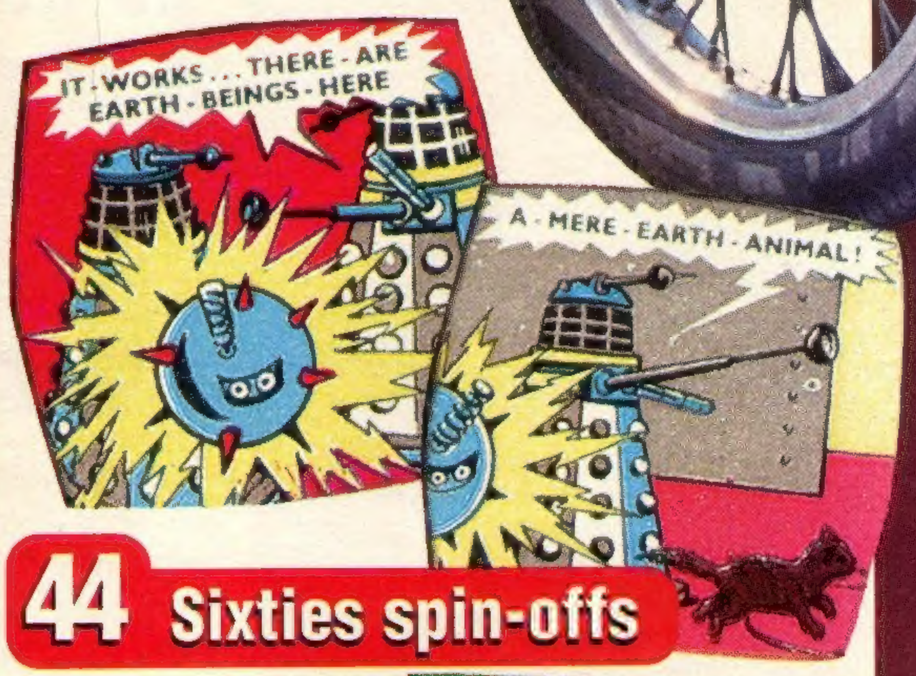
"The Doctor had to evolve with the times!"

6 Robert Sloman



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Gallifrey Guardian

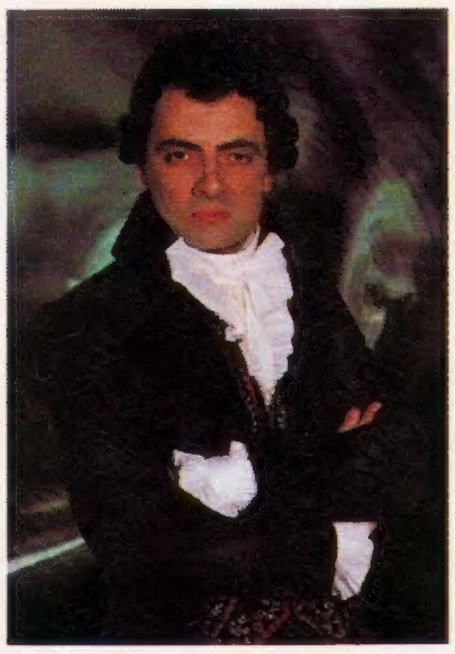
Jonathan Pryce, Julia Sawalha join Comic Relief spoof

Rowan Atkinson *is* the Doctor!

Rubber-faced *Blackadder/Mr Bean* star Rowan Atkinson is to take the lead and battle both Daleks and the Master in the much-anticipated Comic Relief *Doctor Who* take-off, to be shown on 12 March.

Atkinson's Doctor will be joined by recent Bond villain Jonathan Pryce as the Master, with *Absolutely Fabulous* star Julia Sawalha playing the Time Lord's companion (*not* Alan Rickman and *Titanic* leading lady Kate Winslet, contrary to an inaccurate report in another sci-fi magazine).

Subtitled *The Curse of Fatal Death*, this lavish lampoon – authored by top comedy writer Steven Moffatt and produced by Sue Vertue, most recently behind BBC2's high-rating *Gimme Gimme Gimme* – will form a major part of the bi-annual fund-raising comedy telethon. Details of its many surprise guest stars are, however, being strictly embargoed until transmission . . .



Amusingly, Julia Sawalha was the actress nominated back in **DWM** 255 as the ideal companion in a feature which investigated a possible post-*Survival* future for the series! Hopes are high that a special charity-fundraising video release containing the full spoof, plus unseen footage and special behind-the-scenes material, can be made available in the imminent future.

Look out for in-depth coverage of the skit's production in **DWM** soon – and don't forget to make a pledge to Comic Relief on the night!

Comic Relief credit card hotline: call 0345 460 460

Doctor Who's number comes up on Lottery show!

The recent rediscovery of long-lost 1965 episode *The Crusade: The Lion* inspired huge media interest, culminating in the Wednesday 10 February edition of the National Lottery's *Amazing Luck Stories* show being entirely devoted to its finding.

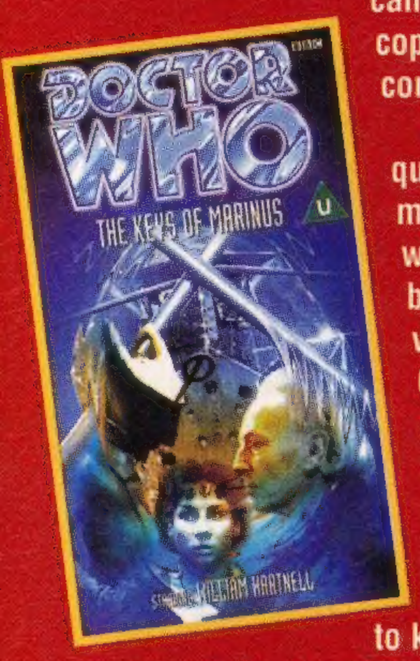
A specially-filmed segment 'reconstructed' the purchase of *The Lion* at a New Zealand film fair. Interviewees included companion William Russell, former BBC archivist Sue Malden, Restoration Team member Paul Vanezis, film collector Bruce Grenville and **DWM**'s Gary Gillatt. TV hostess of the moment Carol Smillie introduced Jamie actor Frazer Hines as part of the ten-minute show, shot before an audience entirely composed of *Who* fans – and it was Frazer who got to release the Lottery balls live!

Meanwhile, New Zealand fan Paul Scoones has been further investigating the origins of *The Lion* film print – and how the episode ended up in private hands, when it was never screened on NZ television. "I've been in touch with a film collector who helped rescue 200 TV films from a mass dumping of 322 16mm films by the New Zealand Broadcasting Corporation in 1975," he told **DWM**. "The NZBC produced a catalogue of the films scheduled for dumping, and *The Lion* appears on this. It is, however, the only *Doctor Who* episode there.

"NZBC records show *The Crusade* as being rated 'G' certificate, and therefore suitable for family viewing, but this catalogue clearly states that the episode had a 'Y'. If the catalogue is correct and the records are wrong, this explains why *The Crusade* was never screened in New Zealand when all other 'G' certificate stories were transmitted."

Win a conscience!

BBC Video release a double-pack containing a spanking new master of Hartnell six-parter *The Keys of Marinus* on 1 March – and you can win one of ten copies in this issue's competition!



The story – a quest for the missing keys which will activate mind-bending good vibes machine the Conscience – is assessed by new *Shelf Lifer* Vanessa Bishop on page 21. To win, you'll have to know the answer to the following question: in which DWM comic strip were the rubbery alien Voord revealed to be distant ancestors of the Cybermen? (DWM 267's *Spiking the Canon* feature might help if you're stuck . . .)

Send your answer on the back of a postcard or stuck-down envelope marked IF YOU'D HAD YOUR SHOES ON MY BOY YOU COULD HAVE LENT HER HERS to the editorial address on page three by 4 May.

Romana 2 plays Mistress to metal mutt in BBV audio pilot

K9 and Lalla together again!

An all-new drama featuring the Fourth Doctor's robot dog K9 will be released in April – and not only will the part be voiced by original artiste John Leeson, 'he' will be accompanied by former Romana Lalla Ward, playing a character known only as 'the Mistress'.

Provisionally titled *The Choice*, the initial hour-long pilot is being made by independent producers BBV as part of its *Audio Adventures in Time and Space* line, which has already included a number of plays featuring former *Doctor Who* actors Sylvester McCoy and Sophie Aldred. Fan commentators have already viewed the move as a riposte to BBC Worldwide/Big Finish, who last month announced plans to release the first in an all-new series of authorised, "canonical" *Doctor Who* audio adventures in June. The K9 character is jointly owned by creators Bob Baker and Dave Martin, who have been attempting to launch a 'solo' K9 TV series for some time.

Leeson and Ward both left *Doctor Who* with Part Four of 1981's *Warriors' Gate*, in which K9 and Romana elected to remain in the E-Space universe briefly traversed by the TARDIS; BBV's new drama finds K9 and his Mistress "trapped in a strange pocket universe where they must fight tyranny and oppression." The new project marks a long-awaited return to acting for Ward, who retired from the profession several years ago to pursue other interests.

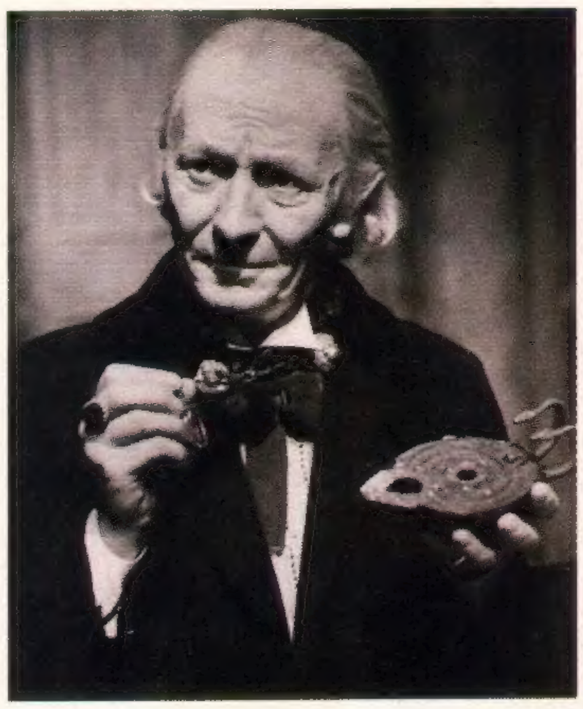
Written by BBV mainstay Nigel Fairs, the pilot will be available by mail order from 8 April, priced £8.50. If successful, BBV hope it will prove to be the first of several new K9 adventures.

Video and CD package planned for Crusade release

The Massacre relaunches Missing Stories audio range

Highly-regarded First Doctor historical *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve* will commence a new run of the BBC Radio Collection's long-delayed *Missing Stories* audios this August.

It's hoped that Steven actor Peter Purves will record links for the new release. Meanwhile, fellow Hartnell companion William Russell is, subject to contract, due to record to-camera links in character as schoolteacher Ian Chesterton for BBC Video's special boxed set showcasing the newly-recovered 1965 episode *The Crusade: The Lion*, out 7 June – marking Russell's first reprise of the role in 34 years! All four episodes of the following serial, *The Space Museum*, will be included in the package – which will, like last year's



The Ice Warriors Collection set, contain an audio CD of the still-missing second and fourth episodes of *The Crusade*. That serial's third instalment, *The Wheel of Fortune*, will follow on from *The Lion*. Postcards, a colour still, and possibly other extra goodies will make up the remainder of the set; the retail price is yet to be determined.

As a result of this rush-release, every scheduled BBC Video issue following has dropped back by one month. There's been a certain amount of turmoil on the BBC Books front, too, with several publication dates changing; new to the May list is 'other Doctors' novel *Millennium Shock*. Penned by Justin Richards, this is a sequel to his Virgin *Missing Adventure System Shock*, again featuring the Fourth Doctor and Harry. Gary Russell's *Divided Loyalties* has moved back to July, with Chris Boucher's *Robots of Death* follow-up *Corpse Marker* now delayed until (probably) November.

Outside the Spaceship

compiled by Dominic May

Television **Peter Davison** plays a secondary school headmaster who is forced to resign in favour of Ian George (Lenny Henry) in the first episode of *Hope & Glory*, coming soon to BBC1. **Verity Lambert** is producing the third series of *Jonathan Creek*, shooting this summer for screening in the autumn. **Dave Martin** is the writer of *Muckraker*, the fifth episode of new BBC1 Nick Berry vehicle *Harbour Lights*, airing 13 March. *Macra Terror* director **John Davies** is co-producing two-hour ITV pilot *Trial By Fire*, based on the novel by Francis Fyfield. The **Waris Hussein**-directed *Sixth Happiness* is to be shown during BBC2's current season of Corporation-backed films. Sometime *Who* stuntman **Gareth Milne** (also *Black Orchid*'s George Cranleigh) recently directed an episode of ITV's *London's Burning*. And a recent *EastEnders* plotline saw Grant Mitchell's daughter being abducted by uncle Simon – is this a case of **Nick Courtney**? (You're fired – Ed.)

Stage **Richard Franklin** is campaigning for government funding to be transferred from large theatrical bodies (such as the National Theatre and RSC) to create at least 20 regional repertory theatres with permanent companies working all year round. **Rebecca Thornhill**, Crystal in *The Ultimate Adventure*, is Gertie Cummings in current West End production of *Oklahoma!* at the Lyceum.

Obituary **Roger Avon**, who played Saphadin in *The Crusade* (featuring in newly recovered episode *The Lion*) and Daxtar in *The Daleks' Master Plan*, died on 21 December aged 84.

Dispatches

● Millennium Daleks [1]

Following months of speculation, the Royal Mail has confirmed that the Daleks will be appearing on one of this year's special Millennium stamps. The metal meanies, as depicted by artist Justin Mortimer, eventually won out over *Coronation Street* battleaxe Ena Sharples to take their place on the fourth and final 'great entertainers' stamp, out later this summer; the other three will feature 1966 World Cup hero Bobby Moore, bandy-legged comedian Charlie Chaplin and Queen singer Freddie Mercury.

● Millennium Daleks [2]

Manufacturers Dapol issue the first of six 'Millennium Daleks' next month – four-inch-high models moulded in translucent glitter plastic with painted highlights. Available by mail order only, the first (green) comes in a gift box with certificate of authenticity. Victoria actress Deborah Watling will launch the limited edition range at Dapol's Llangollen *Doctor Who* exhibition centre on 10 April. Dapol will also be issuing glassware products beginning with a plinth-based First Doctor and TARDIS design [pictured below left] limited to 750 worldwide. Further details on all of these: 01978 860 584, or e-mail: **dapol.drwho@btinternet.com**

● Give us a twirl, loves!

DWM 271's appeal for *Doctor Who* fans to appear as contestants in a forthcoming edition of Gaby Roslin-fronted gameshow *Whatever You Want* proved fortuitous for the costumed gentlemen pictured [left to right]: Bill Jaycock, Nick De Ste Croix, David Pound and Stuart Humphrys, who were the lucky four chosen for the *Who*-themed show shot in January for broadcast in April (but pity poor Stuart. the 'stand-by' competitor only present in case one of the other three lost his nerve!). We shan't tell you which 'Doctor' won – nor indeed reveal details of the rather wonderful grand prize . . .

Collector's Heaven

DWM's monthly guide to upcoming Doctor Who merchandise

5 April

Novel ***Doctor Who: Revolution Man*** by Paul Leonard [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* £4.99

12 April

Video ***Doctor Who: Revenge of the Cybermen*** [unedited] [Fourth Doctor, Sarah & Harry] BBC *Video* £tba

26 April

Novel ***Doctor Who: Players*** by Terrance Dicks [Sixth Doctor & Peri] *BBC Books* £4.99

3 May

Video ***Doctor Who: The Face of Evil*** [Fourth Doctor & Leela] *BBC Video* £11.99

10 May

Novel ***Doctor Who: Dominion*** by Nick Walters [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* £4.99

13 May

Non-fiction ***Doctor Who: Regeneration*** by Gary Russell & Philip Segal *Virgin* £19.99

24 May

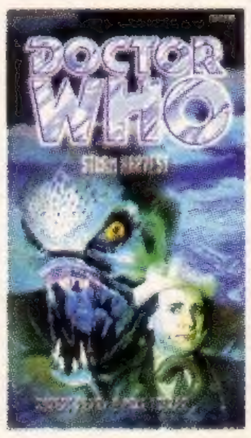
Novel ***Doctor Who: Millennium Shock*** by Justin Richards [Fourth Doctor & Harry] *BBC Books* £4.99

7 June

Video boxed set ***Doctor Who: The Crusade*** [1 & 3 only, plus CD of 2 & 4] ***& The Space Museum*** [First Doctor, Ian, Barbara & Vicki] *BBC Video* £tba

Novel ***Doctor Who: Unnatural History*** by Jonathan Blum & Kate Orman [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Storm Harvest*** by Robert Perry & Mike Tucker [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *BBC Books* £4.99



5 July

Video ***Doctor Who: Terror of the Zygons*** [unedited] [Fourth Doctor, Sarah & Harry] BBC *Video* £tba

Novel ***Doctor Who: Autumn Mist*** by David A McIntee [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Divided Loyalties*** by Gary Russell [Fifth Doctor, Adric, Nyssa, Tegan & the Toymaker] *BBC Books* £4.99

2 August

Video ***Doctor Who: The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*** [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *BBC Video* £11.99

Audio ***Doctor Who: The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve*** [First Doctor, Steven & Dodo] *BBC Radio Collection* £tba

Novel ***Doctor Who: Interference 1*** by Lawrence Miles [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Interference 2*** by Lawrence Miles [Third Doctor & Sarah] *BBC Books* £4.99

6 September

Video ***Doctor Who: The Talons of Weng-Chiang*** [unedited] [Fourth Doctor & Leela] BBC *Video* £tba

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Blue Angel*** by Paul Magrs & Jeremy Hoad [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* £4.99

Are you rece

The little-interviewed Robert Sloman's four *Doctor Whos* marked the zenith of the inspirational, moralistic intentions of the whole Pertwee era, bashing big business, blight and bureacracy – but he wasn't quite so 'right-on' as his scripts implied. "I'm not an open-toed sandal kind of guy," he tells Peter Griffiths . . .

On a chilly Monday morning in December, at the cliffside Totnes cottage he shares with wife Mary, Robert Sloman proved to be a very interesting man. So as to keep to any kind of realistic word count, you won't find many of the writer's ruminations on the pointlessness of hindsight, or boredom being the font of all artistic endeavour, in the following interview, but suffice to say his conversation is littered with such observations. His ideas on his four co-written scripts for *Doctor Who*, which form only a tiny part of his writing output over the last half-century, are similarly informed by a sharp, but not pretentious, mix of philosophy and analysis.

Before she heads out for a couple of hours, Mary Sloman has her own story about *Doctor Who* to contribute. "I was at some kind of function years and years ago, and who should I see there but Jerome Willis, an actor who was in one of Robert's *Doctor Whos* [he'd played Stevens in *The Green Death*]. I went up to him and said, 'You were in *Doctor Who*, weren't you?' and he said, "I was in one of the best *Doctor Whos*.' I told him, 'That was the right thing to say!'"

"The interesting thing about looking at those clips you sent me," says Robert, settling into a chair by a panoramic window looking out over the sea, "is that there was something nicely human about *Doctor Who*. In these days of computer-generated graphics, everything is perfect, and it makes you more fond of the wobbly scenery. The budget they had was infinitesimal, and there was such a village feel to it."

The 25 year-old Robert left university in 1951, and went straight into a repertory company, where he met Mary. "I was a terrible actor, but by the time I realised that I'd done the clichéd thing of saying lines which were absolute pap and thinking, 'I can do better than this myself.' I guess I started writing a couple of years later, and I did quite well out of it. I had a couple of plays on in London and other places, plus some television plays."

This is perhaps an understatement, as the next two decades saw Robert writing for radio, television and film, as well as supplying stage plays for the West End, the rest of the country and Europe. What makes his prolific career even more impressive is that, for much of it, Robert wrote only as a second string. He worked during the day as distribution manager for *The Sunday Times* – a job he still held in 1970, when producer Barry Letts approached the writer at a party to work with him on *Doctor Who*.

"I was certainly interested. I knew *Doctor Who*, obviously, as I had children who were

Texas Chainsaw Massacre! The series lost it a bit when later Doctors got younger, which I thought was fatal. He needs to be avuncular – if things get terrible, you know he'll deal with it by bringing out his sonic screwdriver, or reversing the polarity. By the same token, the Doctor is an old and trusted pal, so you don't question it when he gets out of the most impossible holes by making something out a corkscrew and some bits of sealing wax."

Robert collaborated closely on each of his four *Doctor Who* stories with Barry Letts, who was keen to have some input on the writing side while not directly commissioning himself for the series. The working process is described by Robert as a total collaboration, half-and-half. "Although it wasn't planned, the way things would work out is that I would write the full script, right through, feeding it to Barry in episodes. He would then take it away and chop it around, telling me we didn't have enough money for an earthquake to destroy Central London. They always say the best play to write is two people sitting in darkness in a cellar, discussing things, don't they? Barry was also the technical wizard as far as things like the timing was concerned. The episodes had to be 24 minutes, not 23 or 25."

I venture that this sounds almost as if Barry was acting as script editor to Robert. "Yeah, but he did more than that. He had a lot of creative input as well. I'd only done a couple of television plays before that, straight drama, so this was something of a new world for me. Barry and I would get together regularly, but we almost always wrote separately, primarily because I was working for *The Sunday Times*. I would sometimes work a full day, come home, grab myself a meal, then drive down to his place and write until two o'clock in the morning. I've always done a nine-to-five job, because I'm not that much of a writer, to tell you the truth. It's a very unpleasant job, if I remember rightly. But even if you were doing something else, you were still thinking about what you'd do when you got home and started writing."

Did Robert have a lot of involvement with *Doctor Who*'s script editor? "Terry Dicks? Of course. He wrote some of the books based on my scripts. We met up quite a lot, and had many discussions on the phone. He was always prompting you to do things some other way, or look for a different approach."

The Dæmons, the first of Robert and Barry's co-authored scripts, was allegedly based in part on an audition piece written by Barry Letts for the casting of Jo Grant. Robert pleads ignorance of this. "It's probably why Barry accepted my black magic idea so well. It's quite charming that everything's tied together in the story, so that things like the maypole became a serious threat. What was the village called – Devil's Bottom? Devil's End! There are a lot of places around which have an aura of historical dread and threat about them – Wookey Hole, for instance. It's folk memory, which I would much rather believe in than science – it's withstood the test of

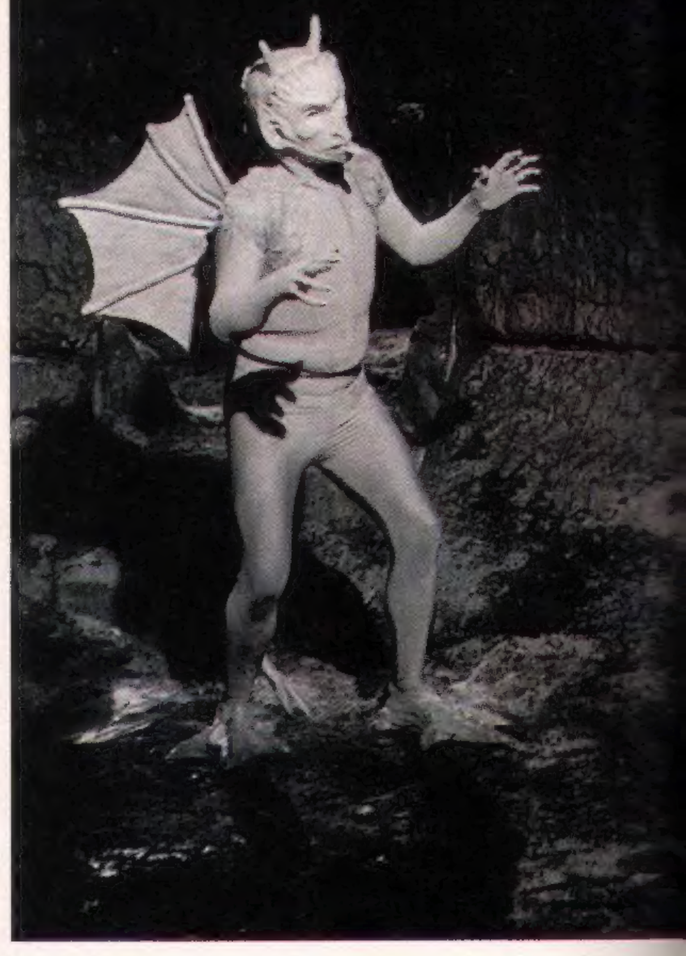
...ving me?

conducting the operation from behind the settee at the time! Barry and I lived fairly close to each other up in London, and I think our wives had met first. We only knew each other socially, having met in about 1960, and the offer Barry made was totally social. It sounds terribly smug to tell you this, but he said that he and [script editor] Terry Dicks wanted to beef up the writing side."

Midway through 1970, Robert was formally commissioned to write a *Doctor Who* script. "I hate to start talking money, but the great joy was getting paid up front. If you write a play, it can take you two or three years, and even if it goes on, the loss rate is quite extraordinary. On *Doctor Who*, you got money up front for the storyline, then for the first episode, then for the rest, and you were given a four or five month schedule to get the scripts done, always remembering to include the Doctor's car, and hovercraft, and all sorts of other bits that happened to be lying around. All of mine were with Jon Pertwee, who'd only been there a short time when I wrote *The Dæmons*. He was a lovely man – it was a great loss when he died two years ago.

"There were certain immutable things about writing for *Doctor Who*, such as the Doctor's young female assistant. That was one of the reasons for the success of the series – they had that wonderful grandfather/grandchild combination. It's one of the things that is built deep into the human psyche – children never go to the parents, who are the discipline-givers, but to the grandparents, who spoil them rotten. When we have our grandchildren down, we feed them chocolate and crisps, and let them watch *The*

Trapped in the Cloven Hoof, Mike Yates (left) interrupts the Doctor's lecture on demonology, white witch Miss Hawthorne by his side. *The Dæmons*



along with us. Remember, I was brought up during the war, so there was an evil that was ever-present. There are certain things you can recognise as such, and the Nazi hierarchy firmly believed in and used this concept ruthlessly."

Robert pauses for a moment with a smile. "Most writers operate on a subliminal basis, and it takes someone else to come along and point out why things are the way they are. It's nice, too, that Newtonian law is intrinsic to the story. When Azal, first appears, you get this awful, frightening cold. That's because his spaceship is a full-size thing that is reduced, and what happens when you reduce mass? You get cold. It works in the reverse as well, which is why the Devil is associated with fire and brimstone."

I know it's corny to ask about famous moments and lines, but so much attention has been paid to a certain line from the Brigadier in Episode Five that I'd be negligent if I didn't ask Robert about it. "I know it, I know it. I'm more proud of that line than anything else. 'Chap with the wings, five rounds rapid.' You need good, stoic characters like the Brigadier around – Kipling said that when the chips are down, the military are the people you really need. The Brigadier takes anything that comes, including ravening beasts and monsters from outer space, and treats them exactly the same. With science fiction, you've got to have your feet in three inches of mud, proverbially, or you get nowhere at all."

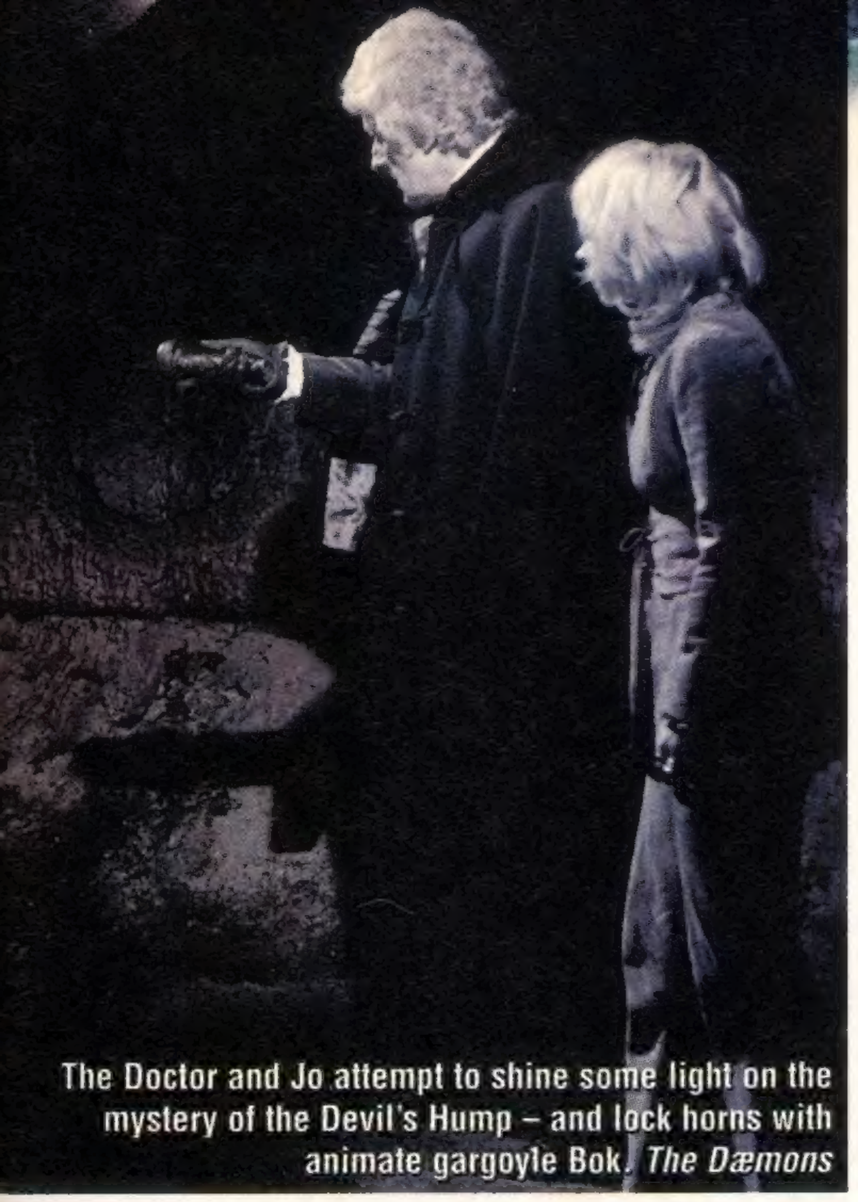
Of Robert's four contributions to *Doctor Who*, *The Dæmons* alone is written under a pseudonym, Guy Leopold. Why was this? "I remember why very well. I was writing something with somebody else at the time of *The Dæmons*, and I didn't want to embarrass him by putting out something under my name alone. People would have said, 'Oh, split up, have they?' We continued to write several plays after that, and he knew about the *Doctor Who* script, and applauded it. Barry was less happy. He said, 'You've got to make up your mind whether you want to do it or not.' But

"Any superstition is based in reality. I doubt science and magic are separate . . ."

tens of thousands of years. Any form of superstition has a certain basis in reality.

"I would, in fact, doubt whether magic and science are separate. You've brought a little box with you to record this, but 100 years ago you'd have been laughed at, and 200 years ago you'd have been burned at the stake. One of the proponents of magic was Miss Hawthorne, wasn't it? Damaris Hayman was a fine actress, known for comedy, but she's done some very serious work as well. You see people turn up and do a little bit on television, and you think, 'What do they do for the rest of the time?' The rest of the time they're out in repertory somewhere, doing the classics."

Inspiration for the character of Azal, one of the the alien Dæmons of the story's title, also came from ideas of myth and memory. "I don't know if I believe it now, but I believed at the time there was a greater evil. The appeal comes, again, from something which is firmly rooted in our past. When we pulled ourselves from the primeval soup, it came



The Doctor and Jo attempt to shine some light on the mystery of the Devil's Hump – and lock horns with animate gargoyle Bok. *The Dæmons*

The Time Monster boasts some intriguing concepts, one of which is 'interstitial time'. "Have you ever read a book called *Experiment in Time*? I recommend it to you. It says that all time exists concurrently. It's rather like playing the piano – if you play one note at a time, you just go through life and it gets a bit boring. In your dreams, however, time really becomes important to you, because you play entire chords. You use the bottom note as something not just from your own lifetime, but from hundreds of years ago. The top note is something from hundreds of years in the future. When you're being chased by a dragon, or find yourself walking through syrup, these are actual things that have happened, or will happen. It's fascinating.

"I don't want to get too religious about it, but the Gaia theory states that we are all part of one huge organism, and life or death are not important. You just revert to being part of that organism again, and keep contributing. Time is there, non-stop, constant. When people die – and I'm getting to the age now where good friends are going – I don't feel that sense of intolerable grief that I see in a lot of people. I can see you looking at me in puzzlement, but rest assured, when you're 72, you'll be toying with the same sort of ideals!"

"I put in a good, solid storyline explaining that the Master was the id to the Doctor's ego. They are the same character!"

because someone's feelings were involved, I felt it should go out under a pseudonym."

The Dæmons is very popular with its cast and crew, and is often hailed as one of the successes of the era. "I flatter myself that's because of the good writing," smiles Robert. "*The Dæmons* was very cohesive, and so was *The Green Death*. They were the best in terms of satisfying me, the writer. I enjoyed the other two, but not as much."

One of those "other two" was *The Time Monster*, which features two things Robert has so far mentioned: an apparatus made from corkscrews, and two characters – in this case, the Doctor and Jo – discussing things in a dark cellar. This story was Letts' and Sloman's second collaboration for *Doctor Who*, destined for the final slot of the 1972 season.

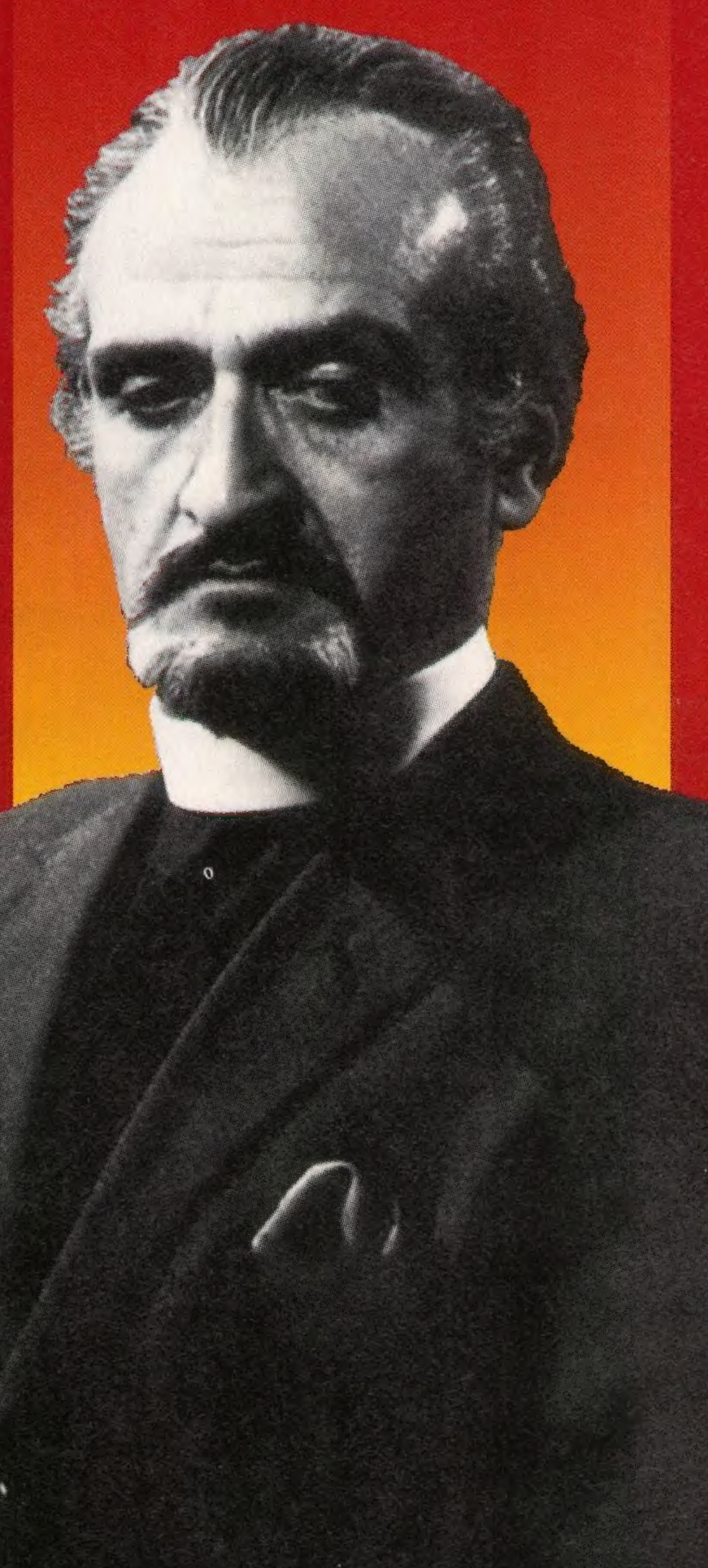
"Each of my stories was triggered by something I'd seen or felt, or been told about. *The Time Monster* came about because of two things. One day, I was walking the dog in the park, and I heard a V1 flying rocket. Everyone was in fear and trembling when these flew over London during the war, because as soon as the engine noise stopped, you were in trouble. When it went off elsewhere, you experienced a great sense of relief, despite the fact that some other poor devil had just been blown apart. Anyway, it was obviously just an ordinary aircraft when I was in the park, but something about the low cloud and the trees centred the noise so that it sounded exactly like a V1. That got me thinking – some sort of timeslip.

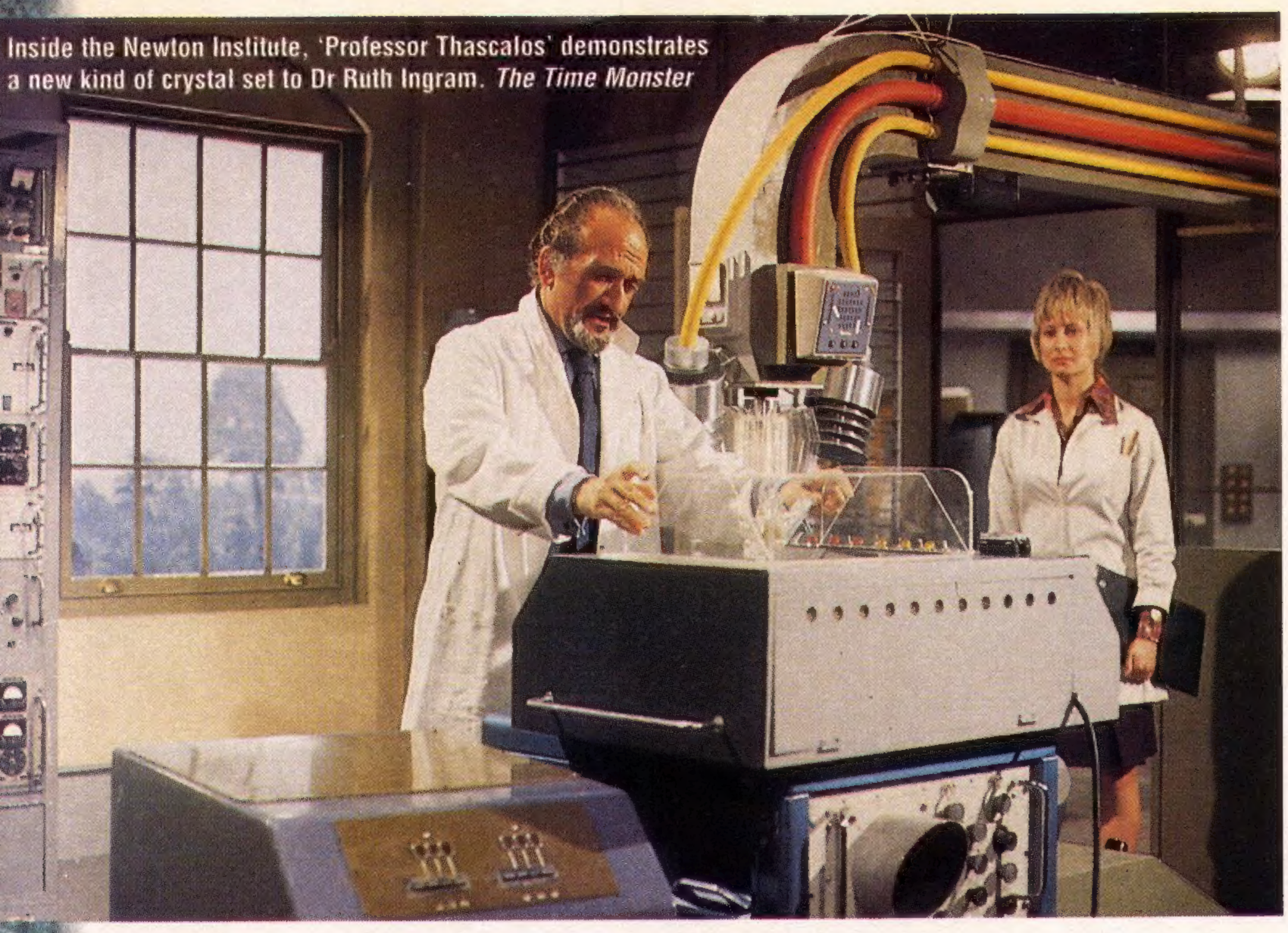
The Time Monster features *Doctor Who*'s second visit to Atlantis, in this case the pre-flood version. "Ah yes. I visited Greece and Crete on the basis of doing research for the story. It was Atlantis – I had to go, didn't I?" I'm not entirely convinced by this, but Robert's face tells me that neither is he. "We had Ingrid Pitt as the Atlantean queen [Galleia]. We already knew the casting when we were writing the final drafts. As Barry was also the producer, he knew well in advance who he wanted for each part. It made things easier from that

Altered ego

Robert Sloman would write for Roger Delgado's villainous Master in both *The Dæmons* and *The Time Monster*. "What a great character," he enthuses. "For the slot later filled by *Planet of the Spiders*, I put in – and got paid for – a good, solid storyline [titled *The Final Game*] explaining that the Master was the *id* to the Doctor's *ego*. They are the same character. That would have explained all those dodgy bits of plot, like 'I could kill you now, but I'm not going to until I've explained something.' It's a terrible, deliberate pinch from [fifties SF film] *Forbidden Planet*, but the explanation is that he's the same man, divided. At some point, did they change over? Did the Master somehow become the Doctor by getting rid of all his aggression, sexual and otherwise? Unfortunately, dear Roger was driven off the side of a mountain in Turkey and died.

"I was well on the way to that in my earlier stories with the Master, who, although he was possessed of super-intelligence, was a one-dimensional character. Conversely, that was what was very attractive about the Doctor – he had his problems, and he had to deal with them on the run. We highlighted that in *Planet of the Spiders*, the fact that he had flaws which he had to face. The Master never really had problems until he came up against the Doctor. I'd like to think he got his come-uppance in some other way, through constipation or whatever!"





Inside the Newton Institute, 'Professor Thascalos' demonstrates a new kind of crystal set to Dr Ruth Ingram. *The Time Monster*

point of view, on all of our stories. Ingrid was a bit of trouble, actually. Several scenes disappeared from the shooting script, cut for timing reasons or whatever, and she got upset about it when she arrived at the studio."

Something Robert himself didn't think worked particularly well was the realisation of Chronos the Chronovore. "The lesson has been learned many times to keep the creature in the darkness, but here the costume was on display for all to see. It was just an actor flapping away on pulleys, doing a Kirby's Flying Ballet. I envisaged it much more as a shimmer, a vibration, not a character. The important thing was the effect it should have had."

Roger Delgado's Master was given a new skill in *The Time Monster*, one not explored since: seduction. Why this rare exception to *Doctor Who*'s usual taboo on anything sexual? "Everything goes back to sex. It's the one universal driving force. If you see someone walking down the street, the first thing you discern is whether they are male or female. I agree it's very dangerous ground in *Doctor Who*, as the series was basically for adolescents. You have to be careful around raging hormones, so there was never any sex, or mention of it. With the Master and Galleia, we didn't address it all, storywise. Likewise, when the white witch in *The Dæmons* went out and called the elements, there was great repressed sexual drive there, which you could have treated in a complete different way. The covens which the Master conducted were another example – these days they'd all have stripped off their clothes and gone bonking each other as hard as they could! But we mustn't have that in *Doctor Who*."

Robert was often part of the production process of *Doctor Who*, being invited to the studio to watch the filming of his scripts. "I got called out several times because there was a line that needed work. Of course, I was only an employee, but it was great fun being there. Recording started at 8 o'clock and went on for a couple of hours, and then they'd run out of tape . . . The recording frequently ran over by 20 or 25 minutes, but the parties before and after were certainly very good!"

With *The Green Death*, Robert Sloman and Barry Letts penned their third script in as many years. If this story were a *Friends* episode, it would doubtless be called *The One with the Maggots*, as these hissing, crawling creatures live on in the public memory, along with the stirring image of glowing green corpses. "Those maggots caused a bit of a storm in the studio with the technicians," recalls Robert. "They hated the ugly things, and grown men were seen to walk gingerly around them! And I tell you, the people turning green is a flagrant piece of plagiarism. When I was eight years old, I read a book which deeply impressed me. It wasn't science fiction, but it involved some kind of spray, the product of a criminal mind, which could kill people by penetrating through small blisters on the skin. I remember a policeman said, 'Look at this dog,' touched it, and said, 'It's red hot.' He then dropped dead. I kept that tucked away for all those years, and it surfaced as *The Green Death*.

"In all of my scripts for *Doctor Who*, I tried to address an idea of the moment. *The Green Death* was frequently Greenpeace. The idea that big business is ruining our lives and our planet is old hat now, but at the time it was new and interesting. I have to say that Barry contributed a lot of that – he was rather more interested in that kind of movement. I'm not an open-toed sandal sort of guy – I like creature comforts. Naturally, I was interested in these issues, as any sane person is. Multinational conglomerates do terrible things to us all. We are run by big business. They tell you what to wear, how and when to feed yourself, and in some parts of the world, if they don't show a decent profit, they don't feed 'em! They're in charge, make no mistake."

As a contrast to the faceless Global Chemicals, *The Green Death* presents the Wholeweal community, or 'Nuthutch'. I put it to Robert that *Doctor Who* always favoured individualism and the organic approach over technology and big business. "Those communities existed. They exist today. I had several friends who actually went off and joined these little groups that breed their own stock and weave their own outfits. As for *Doctor Who*'s philosophy, I think that's the philosophy of everybody – small is better. I'm anti-EU, not because I'm anti-French or German – I am, but for different reasons – but because the bigger an organisation is, the bigger its inefficiency. That's the only thing that is saving us from multinational conglomerate final solutions – and I use the term advisedly. If they had intelligent people on board, the kind who live in Nuthutches, they'd be far worse.

"I once had a back operation and was off work for three months. When I came back, I realised how much my life had degenerated over the previous seven or eight years, and it had done so so quietly and cleverly that I hadn't even realised. When you walk into the office of a big concern, you give up all sorts of personal freedoms. I couldn't have gone into the office wearing what I am now. Nobody would have said anything, or sacked me, but the pressures would have been tiny."

This sounds suspiciously like the backstory given to the bitter Lupton in *Planet of the Spiders*. Robert appears to agree. "I spent my working life in newspapers, before the 'dirty Digger' took over. I wouldn't have survived under Rupert Murdoch. We worked for Thompson, who was a very benign man. He came in, took over vast areas of the press, and said to his editors, 'Do what you want to do. Give me a good newspaper, that's all I ask.' *The Sunday Times* carried the torch, with things like the thalidomide case [notorious sixties medical scandal]. It's funny, I swore I wouldn't put money in Murdoch's pocket, but I've just gotten Sky Television. He's into everything now."

Robert's railing against big business does not extend to championing the underdog in any situation. Despite *The Green Death*'s apparent

"The idea that big business is ruining our lives and our planet is old hat now, but then it was new"

Bad company: Stevens and a corporate crony watch as the Doctor confronts a brainwashed Mike Yates. *The Green Death*

sympathy with the miners, the writer was not convinced. "One of the things I did not view with alarm was the disruption of the power of the miners. I was on the wrong side of everybody else, and I am by nature and education left-wing, but I couldn't believe that anyone would fight so hard to do that disgusting job. I didn't want to throw a lump of coal on the fire and know that some poor devil had ruined his life to bring it to me. I would rather a machine did that. *The Green Death* reflects the fact that I always sympathise with the workers, but the fact is that I didn't really want them, as people, to go down the mines. Every argument has at least two sides to consider."

Robert is amused to learn that his characterisation of the Welsh has taken a little flak over the years. "Well, I have to tell you that part of that was engineered by living in the West Country and playing rugby. Every third Saturday I would go up into the valley and get my stats kicked in by people in the front row who would trample all over you. It created, shall we say, a certain antipathy! That said, the Welsh trade on that image, as do the Scots, and the Irish. The only people who don't are the English, who tend to keep a stiff upper lip and denigrate themselves to the world at large. That in itself is, of course, a piece of massive condescension."

Pit stop: the Doctor and the Brigadier in the Llanfairfach colliery. *The Green Death*

The Green Death's place in *Doctor Who* history is assured because of the last appearance of Katy Manning's Jo Grant, after three years in the series. It is an unusually well-crafted departure for a companion. "I knew in advance that Katy was leaving. There'd been a bit of fuss, and she wanted to go on and do other things. Jo had been a big part of the series, so it was a fairly important part of the story. As for her falling for Cliff because he reminds her of a younger Doctor, I'm not sure we should have done that, really. It seems a very anti-feminist thing. Then again, we do go through life looking for images, and then either tailor them to fit ourselves, or are tailored to fit them."

Time marches on and, in 1973, Jon Pertwee indicated that he wanted to move on from *Doctor Who*. Time was also pressing for Robert Sloman, who was beginning to feel restless on the series. *Planet of the Spiders* provided the swansong for them both. "I have to say, *Spiders* is one I wasn't terribly happy with. It was an interesting concept, with the religious aspect – I think Barry's input was larger than mine in that respect, though I do find Buddhism a very attractive idea. I did, however, feel a little restricted by the BBC saying things like, 'We've got a hovercraft we want to work in, and this and that.' I was a professional, so if I was asked to do something like that, I did it. I bunged them all in together, but the story lost a bit of interest as a result. Suddenly one whole episode was taken up with this big chase, nothing else. Police cars, gyrocopters . . ." The Whomobile. "That thing, yes."

Tongue-in-cheek, I ask Robert if he and Barry had decided to traumatise the other half of the population by following up giant maggots with giant spiders which habitually leap onto people's backs? "I have arachnophobia. Down here, especially at this time of year, they come in. I see this bloody great thing coming, and have to stand on a chair petrified while my wife picks it up and throws it out. I squash them flat before I'll do anything with them! However, writers do not cause such traumas. They just don't. No work of fiction has ever been written that has any

profound effect upon the human mind. All writers do is pick up on something that is in everybody's mind anyway, and identify it. That's comforting, in a way."

Robert found writing for a new companion – Sarah Jane Smith, as played by Elisabeth Sladen – not particularly different to writing for Jo. "Lis was a beautiful girl, and with such lovely manners, but I must confess that I'm not terribly good at writing for women. I feel Katy and Lis were both badly served by me in terms of 'What happens next, Doctor? What do we do here?'" As a counter to this, I point out that earlier Sloman characters, such as Olive Hawthorne and *The Time Monster*'s Ruth Ingram, are strong women. "I suspect I wrote them as men, and left it to the actors to give them their femininity."

When discussing the character of Tommy, whose mind is cleared and strengthened by the blue Metebelis crystal, I use the perhaps dubious word 'redemption'. Robert is troubled by this. "You've got to be very careful about things like that. It's condescension. What do we mean by redemption? He's a human being. He might think differently to most of us, and have trouble with his words or movement, but you mustn't talk about redemption. That's the way he is, and who are we to sit there with lordly disdain over people who are disadvantaged?" There is that wonderful line in Episode Five where Sarah tells Tommy that he's now just like everyone else, and he replies that he sincerely hopes not. "I'd forgotten that line, but I still shouldn't have used a character like Tommy."

Robert Sloman and Jon Pertwee wrapped up their contributions to *Doctor Who* with the Doctor's regeneration into Tom Baker. Robert is fairly sure he was on set for this pivotal scene. "It was a good scene, too. I liked it. There was genuine emotion in it, and drama. You could have put it on stage. It got a few tears going. Speaking of Tom Baker, did you see him on *Have I Got News For You* the other night? He dominated the whole proceedings, talking absolute rubbish, and the audience loved him. I noticed Angus Deayton and that lot looked uncomfortable, to say the least – this guy was showing them how to do it."

Mary Sloman has since returned from her excursion, rather surprised that her husband has found so much to talk about in the hours she's been gone. To wrap up, I ask Robert if he ever considered writing for *Doctor Who* again, especially as Barry Letts left the series shortly after *Planet of the Spiders*. His answer is a resounding 'no'. "I'd written four, and I don't think I could have done a fifth, frankly. The series probably cleaned me out before I cleaned it out – the imagination which had to be employed was exhaustive. I think, to some extent, the final story suffered as a result of that. Mind you, I've had plays on in the West End which I now look back on with a shudder.

"In general, I'm enormously proud of *Doctor Who*, enormously proud. The series was a great piece of work, and I was delighted to be a part of it. I hope I maintained a standard. People tend to lose sight of the fact that *Who* went on for so long because everybody tried their hardest, and a lot of huge talents were involved. The trick is to make it look effortless, and that's what the series achieved. It wasn't effortless, and that's why I don't write anymore."

Nevertheless, writing is obviously in the blood of Robert Sloman, even if he is healthily sceptical about it. "I once wrote a book, and it took two years of my life, which is too long. Writers generally sit there, staring aimlessly at the wall, and if anyone says, 'You're a lazy sod, aren't you?' they can reply, 'No no, I'm working hard!'" DWM

Sarah finds herself trapped among the woebegotten human colonists of Metebelis 3, the *Planet of the Spiders*

"I'm arachnophobic. I see a spider coming, and I have to stand on a chair petrified while my wife throws it out!"

Planet of the Spiders

THESE WERE YOUR SECRET WEAPONS, DOCTOR? COWS AND CARBON DIOXIDE?

CONSUMING YOUR INTELLIGENCE MAY NOT TAKE AS LONG AS I THOUGHT...

THE FALLEN PART FOUR

STORY: SCOTT GRAY
PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKS: ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY G & ALAN B

GIVE ME THAT!

DUNCAN, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! EVER SEE "JAWS"?

YEAH, SURE...

REMEMBER THE ENDING?

GOTCHA!

SHHRIIEEE!!

YIIIIIKES!!!

GO LIMP, IZZY!

SKREE

HURT ME! YOU HURT ME! HOLLOWAY! ALWAYS INTERFERING! MY TRIUMPH!

WASTA TIME! WASTA SPACE!

ONCE YOU KICK, YOU KICK!

PAY FOR THIS PAY FOR THIS PAY FOR THIS!

C'MON SHOUT OUT JUST NEED SOME CIGGIES CATCH YOU LATER...

HE'S GONE!

IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE...

BUT HE'LL BE HEADING FOR THE CHANNEL INTO THE THAMES!

EXCUSE ME... NO OFFENCE, BUT I NEED TO SOLO THIS TIME...

WHAAAA?!

CONFOUND THAT MAN... EVERYONE TO MY CAR, QUICKLY!

GROWING BOY SHOULD BE THE LAW IDENTIFY YOURSELF BE RIGHT BACK...

KILL YOU ALL...

KILL YOU ALL!

LISTEN UP, WOODROW — GRACE HAD THE RIGHT IDEA — CARBON DIOXIDE **CAN** DESTROY STARK, BUT IT HAS TO BE A **HIGHLY CONCENTRATED** DOSE...

WITH ANY LUCK, THERE'S ENOUGH ON BOARD TO DO THE **JOB**.

AND HOW DO YOU INTEND TO **DETONATE** IT, DOCTOR?

THE **OLD-FASHIONED WAY.** I'M GOING TO **CRASH** THE HELICOPTER RIGHT **INTO** STARK...

NO! JUST **LISTEN** TO ME, YOU **IDIOT**, DON'T YOU **DARE** THROW YOUR LIFE AWAY LIKE THIS! WE CAN —

GRACE, IF STARK GETS AWAY WE MAY **NEVER** FIND HIM. IF I **STARTED** THIS, I HAVE TO **END** IT...

EFFRA

SHUT **UP** I CAN'T **SEE** SINK YOUR **TEETH** LOOK AT THE **SKY** ALL OF YOU **SHUT UP!!!**

SHH-CHOOM!

ONLY **THERE'S** MY **NO** INTELLECT **LIFE** CAN **AFTER** SURVIVE **DEATH**...

HERE GOES NOTHING. **GRACE**... **IZZY**...

TAKE CARE.

DOCTOR, WHILE I'M QUITE MOVED BY THIS DISPLAY OF NOBLE **SELF-SACRIFICE**, MAY I SUGGEST YOU LOOK TO YOUR **UPPER LEFT**..?

EJECT

EH?

OH, RIGHT.

CHOW!

NNN-NOOOOO!!

KRA-THOOM!!

NNOOOO OO O O OO...

HMMM...

I THINK WE'LL BLAME *THIS* ONE ON THE *ARABS*.

WHO'S GOING TO FISH THE DOCTOR *OUT* OF THERE?

DON'T LOOK AT *ME*, I CAN'T *SWIM*! BESIDES, DO YOU SEE THE STATE OF THAT *WATER*?

THAT'S NOTHING. YOU SHOULD SEE THE *HUDSON RIVER* IN THE SUMMER...

...YOU WOULDN'T *BELIEVE* THE THINGS THAT GET WASHED UP ON SHORE.

...I SEE THE PEOPLE, *BLIND* TO THEIR OWN *FOLLY*. I SEE MAN'S *END* MADE MANIFEST BY HIS *PRIDE*.

THE LAST DAYS SHALL NOT BE DENIED.

I SEE RIVERS FOAMING WITH *BLOOD*.

IS THAT A *FACT*?

I SEE SOMEONE I'VE SEEN *BEFORE*. THIS IS THE *THIRD* TIME IN *TWENTY-FOUR HOURS* I'VE SPOTTED YOU IN A *SECURITY AREA*, CHUM...

DON'T TRY TELLING ME THAT'S *COINCIDENCE*.

YOU AND ME, WE'RE GONNA HAVE A NICE LONG *TALK*.

NO, MY FRIEND. I'M AFRAID THAT WILL *NOT* BE POSSIBLE.

I CAME HERE MERELY TO *OBSERVE*...

...AND BE *ENTERTAINED*.

WHAT...

WHAT THE HELL'S WRONG WITH YOUR *EYES*..?

MINE EYES...

HAVE SEEN *THE GLORY*.

SPLUTCH

...THANKS FOR THE RIDE *BACK*, GRACE, IT WAS NICE *MEETING* YOU.

AND *YOU*, IZZY. GOODBYE.

UMM... I GUESS I'LL SEE YOU BACK AT THE TARDIS, DOCTOR...

DON'T WORRY... AS SOON AS I GET BACK, I'LL *TORCH* WHAT'S LEFT OF THE *MORPHANT SAMPLE*. IF WOODROW'S EVER TEMPTED TO *REPEAT* THIS DISASTER, HE'LL BE IN FOR A *BIG* DISAPPOINTMENT.

THAT COULD BUY YOU A LOT OF *TROUBLE*, GRACE.

HEY, I'M GETTING *USED* TO IT!

WELL... THIS WASN'T EXACTLY THE *REUNION* I HAD *PICTURED*...

ME NEITHER. I KIND OF IMAGINED SPOTTING YOU IN THE *AUDIENCE* AS I COLLECTED MY *NOBEL PRIZE*...

YOU'D BRING *JONAS SALK* AND *LOUIS PASTEUR* ALONG TO CONGRATULATE ME AT THE AFTERDINNER PARTY...

THEN YOU'D WHISK ME OFF TO *MARS* FOR A *LOONG* VACATION...

SOUNDS GOOD TO ME. MAYBE IT'LL STILL HAPPEN.

YEAH. MAYBE.

I'M *SORRY*, GRACE. YOU WERE RIGHT, I *AM* A MEDDLER. I NEED TO BE *REMINDED* OF THAT FACT FROM TIME TO TIME.

EVERY LIFE FOLLOWS A *PATH*. I *DIVERTED* YOU FROM *YOURS*.

IF I'D KEPT MY MOUTH *SHUT* THAT NIGHT, *NONE* OF THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED...

I'M GLAD YOU *DIDN'T*. YOU HAVE A NICE MOUTH.

GRACE, IF YOU NEED ME... **CALL**. I'LL HEAR YOU.

HOW? IT'S NOT LIKE I CAN FIND YOU IN **DIRECTORY ENQUIRIES!**

WELL, YOU KNOW HOW TO **WHISTLE**, DON'T YOU..?

HUH..?

YOU KNOW, THE **USUAL** DEAL WHEN YOU WANT SOME TIME ALONE WITH YOUR GIRLFRIEND IS TO GIVE THE KID SOME **MONEY** FOR THE **PICTURES**...

ALTHOUGH TRYING TO GET TO THE MOVIES IS HOW WE GOT INTO THIS MESS IN THE **FIRST** PLACE...

WELL? SAY **SOMETHING!** DID SHE JUST BREAK BOTH YOUR HEARTS?

NO... THAT ISN'T IT, IZZY. I'M JUST GETTING THIS VERY UNCOMFORTABLE **FEELING**...

...THAT I'VE **OVERLOOKED** SOMETHING.

WHERE IS HE?

CLOSE BY, SIR. **FORENSICS** SAY THEY DON'T WANT HIM **MOVED**...

WE ONLY REALISED HE WAS **MISSING** WHEN HE FAILED TO SHOW FOR THE **DEBRIEFING**...

WE FOUND HIM HERE. OR WHAT'S **LEFT** OF HIM...

I... I'VE NEVER SEEN **ANYTHING** LIKE IT.

I HAVE. IN **FILES** AND **PHOTOGRAPHS**, AT LEAST.

GOOD HEAVENS.

NOW WHAT, SIR?

WE START **SEARCHING**, CARSON. ALTHOUGH I DOUBT IT'LL DO US ANY **GOOD**...

... THE MAN WHO *DID* THIS IS A *LONG* WAY FROM HERE BY NOW.

GOOD LUCK TO YOU, DOCTOR...

I HAVE A FEELING YOU'RE GOING TO *NEED* IT.

THE END.

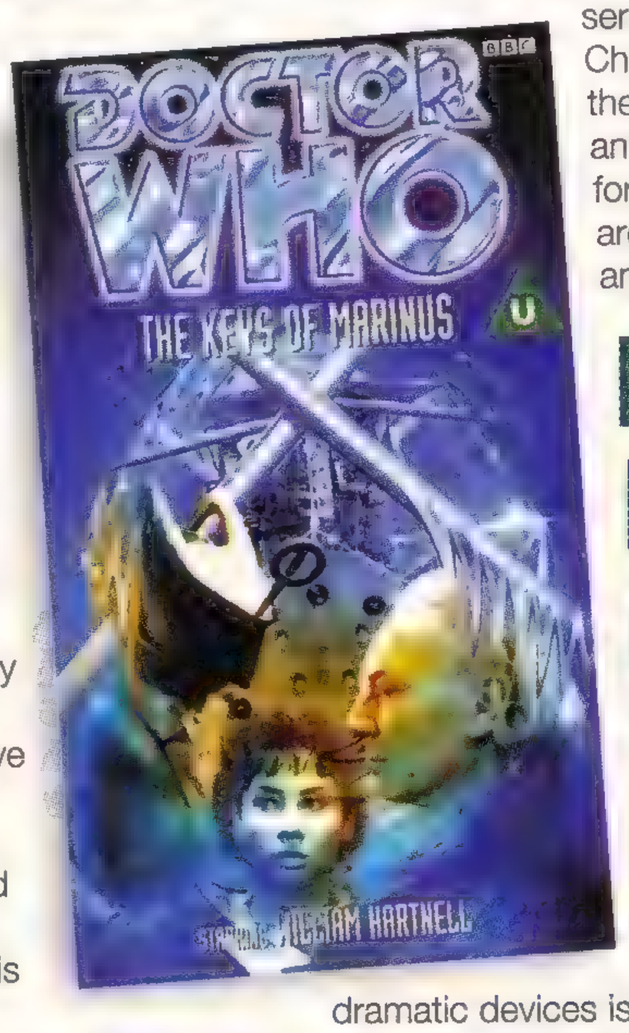
Shelf Life

In which the Eighth Doctor's new companion spins the wheel of fortune

But new columnist Vanessa Bishop earns only *The Wages of Sin*

DOCTOR WHO: THE KEYS OF MARINUS

Video BBC Video **Featuring** The First Doctor, Ian, Barbara & Susan **RRP** £16.99 **Cat No** BBCV 6671 **Available** Now



Like a pantomime whose predictable tale is spent by its interval, *The Keys of Marinus* throws at its viewer ever more diverting situations, as related to each other as an apple to an orange, merely in order to stave off its inevitable conclusion. Although our heroes are spared a musical interlude swimming with the fishes, or a comic misadventure in Cloud Land, one suspects that if Terry Nation had been allotted a further few weeks, it would have only been a matter of time before the Doctor, *en route* to Arbitan's pyramid, was quizzed by a jocular Squire as to how and when he is going to pay his Marinus taxes.

Tirelessly episodic, *The Keys of Marinus*' early instalments show Nation, and the BBC set designers he seems intent on cracking, less exhausted than the six-week run would leave them. Although the glass beach on which the TARDIS materialises is as cramped and hollow a creation as any of the environs of Marinus, it is offset by some delightful modelwork, leisurely displayed. Similarly, despite the script's insistence that someone must scream at the turn of each page, it is the heavily pregnant pauses which convey the mood of danger.

Director John Gorrie's only contribution to the series is an inauspicious one. Trapped as anyone in a storyline which disregards locations, scenarios and characters, he battles through a treadmill of jeopardy. There is no doubt that by the close of the first episode of the first Dalek serial, Nation and director Christopher Barry had, between them, sealed the series' fate and form – but recognising a formula and understanding it are two very different talents, and for half of that partnership to return but two stories later with a string of empty dramatic devices is to present all concerned with a classic case of diminishing returns. For *Marinus* to succeed, it requires a garishly-coloured Aaru Films treatment, or the frenetic pace of a television age 25 years ahead. Without such brashness and speed, all that's exposed is a simple 'quest' adventure which, in its Hartnell-less middle, nervously overcompensates by offering more cliffhangers than its episodes, budget and appetite can bear. If this were *The Aztecs*, then when the Doctor was partaking in his celebrated cup of cocoa, we'd cut to a dodgy, feathered Mexican high on a temple attempting to drop a boulder on him; if it were *The Ark*, last year's superior Hartnell release, then the elephant, on spotting the TARDIS crew, would trumpet a charge, causing Dodo to trip on the undergrowth, Steven to tumble headlong into a snake pit and the Doctor to crash into a Monoid gardener deadheading the fauna with some particularly nasty shears. That we are spared such a devaluation of the series is that those stories are concerned with ideas, dialogue and characterisation – and are aware that the loss of one of these attributes is enough to seriously erode *Doctor Who*'s potency, let alone the abandonment of all three.

Bristling with energy, Hartnell appears to be on the verge of thespian lunacy

On the evidence, this is the weakest story of *Doctor Who*'s debut season, its short-lived complacency magnified by the era's own high standards – and yet, as always, there's fun to be had within various of the areas of Marinus visited. From the last, there's Hartnell, returning, clearly refreshed, to play his Doctor as great detective, pacing out the crime, Sherlock Holmes-fashion. Bristling with an energy the others have lost, he appears, in comparison, to be on the verge of thespian lunacy. From here on 'til the end, when given more than three lines, he goes off like a gun – and I, for one, am grateful. From the fourth, there's the silent Ice Soldiers who, once thawed, evoke a Monty Python image of comic might. Continually bemused at their own failure, one can only be impressed by their persistence and wish for more of their unexpected, Spanish Inquisition-style entrances. And finally, from the second, the charmingly absurd Morphotons, who easily eclipse the Voord. Static and bottled, but eloquently dignified, they resonate sophistication; they may control minds by day, but one suspects they perform Coward by night.

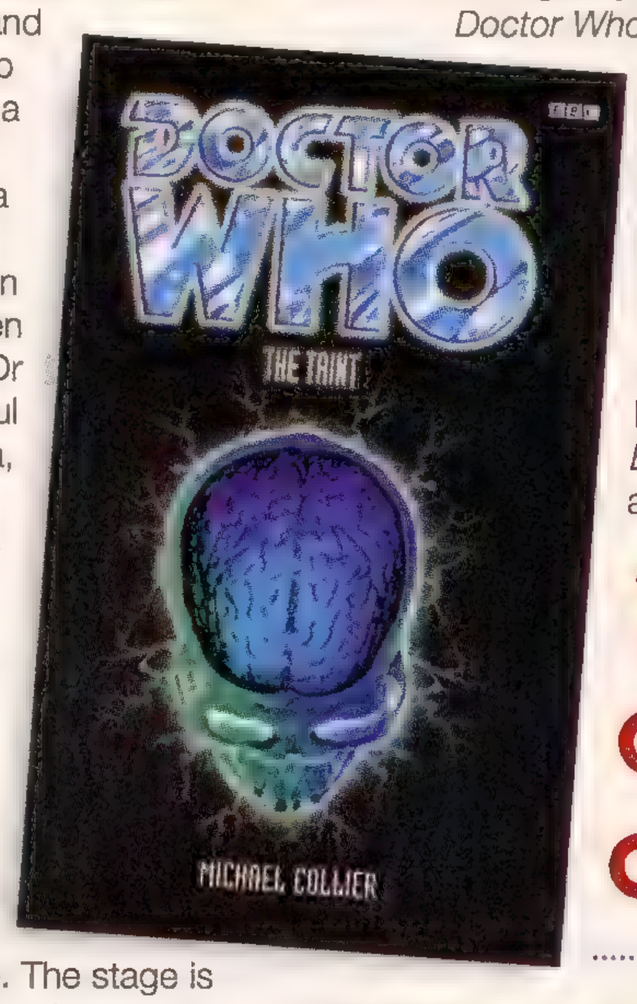
DOCTOR WHO: THE TAINT

Novel BBC Books **Author** Michael Collier **Featuring** The Eighth Doctor, Sam & Fitz **RRP** £4.99 **ISBN** 0 563 55568 8 **Available** Now

To place five men on a train, or in a basement, for the purpose of sharing their deepest, darkest secrets, was something of a compulsion for seventies horror film makers. One would invariably be Peter Cushing, something of a giveaway to the other four that indulging this man with their twisted, 20-minute tales may not be the wisest of actions. Having long harboured a passion for such cinematic

compendiums, it was with barely contained glee that I recognised such a trait in Michael Collier's *The Taint*.

Admittedly, its early, chilling dream sequence – a descent into devilry vividly and Satanically laced – is out of step with the mocking campness of a luvvie-packed British horror anthology. But as we move to a large country house whose rooms are inhabited by madmen and whose corridors are trodden by such unstable creations as Dr Charles Roley and his mistrustful but deeply devoted nurse Maria, familiarity is regained.



Collier constructs *The Taint*'s first third to closely resemble *Asylum*, an Amicus film featuring Robert Powell whose role in the latter, filled here by the Doctor, is to listen to the tales of insanity babbled by the inmates. Collier's version begs the Doctor's investigation through having him share a demonic nightmare with them. The stage is set. But set, sadly, for something altogether different than its early indications.

Despite some clever, stylised writing, particularly to denote the patients' own perceptions of their barkingness, *The Taint* spirals uncontrollably towards the glum. Further to this turn, its plot becomes both impenetrable and increasingly static – and when not static, then crushingly repetitive. Dr Roley's research tactics appear endless and futile in the face of so little development. Events at this deranged mansion become misty and confused; if a sense of progression was clear in the author's mind, it has drifted badly in its transition to the page.

I confess to not having read Michael Collier's previous book, *Longest Day* – but in the interest of research, I retrieved my illustrious forerunner's review of it, and was greeted by an echo of my own frustration with *The Taint*. Also familiar was its unfathomable middle, hindered on this occasion by the mysterious Azoth and Tarr. Obsessed with Dr Roley's afflicted inmates, these two bring with them a back-story which I assume is intended to explain and clarify proceedings, rather than muddy them.

The Taint is given the task of introducing new companion Fitz Kreiner, a *Billy Liar*-type fantasy-seeker in his late twenties. He harbours aspirations that Collier's harsh portrayal of the sixties cannot deliver. While he dreams of the lifestyle afforded a mop-top Beatle, the author relentlessly plays upon the gritty greyness of his urban existence – nearer to *Cathy Come Home* than to Carnaby Street. Fitz's constantly living the lives of others is an aspect the writers would be wise to play on; TARDIS travel offers great opportunities for his role-playing and comic potential.

This could almost be a Bond movie, or a TV adaptation of a racy Jackie Collins

Unfortunately, Fitz's attraction for Sam is instant. She, lost to brattish colloquialism, is a drag, so he clearly hasn't fallen for her character. With regret, just when you believed that *Doctor Who* fiction had finally taken its nose out of the knicker drawer, the author, retreading tired paths, rams it back in again. Fitz's fantasising, as the next-reviewed *Demontage* illustrates, can be put to greater use than imagining Sam in her bra and pants; *Deep Blue* will also prove that an attraction between an established female companion and her man doesn't have to lead to descriptions of the bedpost rocking.

The Taint's first third closely resembles the old horror film *Asylum*

DOCTOR WHO: DEMONTAGE

Novel BBC Books **Author** Justin Richards
Featuring The Eighth Doctor, Sam & Fitz **RRP** £4.99
ISBN 0 563 55572 6 **Available** Now

Oddly enough, it's not unusual for an official *Doctor Who* tale, whether televised or fictional, to be regarded in terms of whether, despite being written under the programme's banner, it can be determined to be *Doctor Who*. *Demontage* is most definitely *Doctor Who* – but a different incarnation, by which I mean not solely reliant upon the atmosphere evoked by the first three years of Tom Baker. No, Justin Richards has given us updated, modern, Paul McGann TV Movie *Who* – which, considering the variation and experimentation taking place both long before and after producer Philip Hinchcliffe trod our soil, makes *Demontage* no less *Doctor Who* than any other.

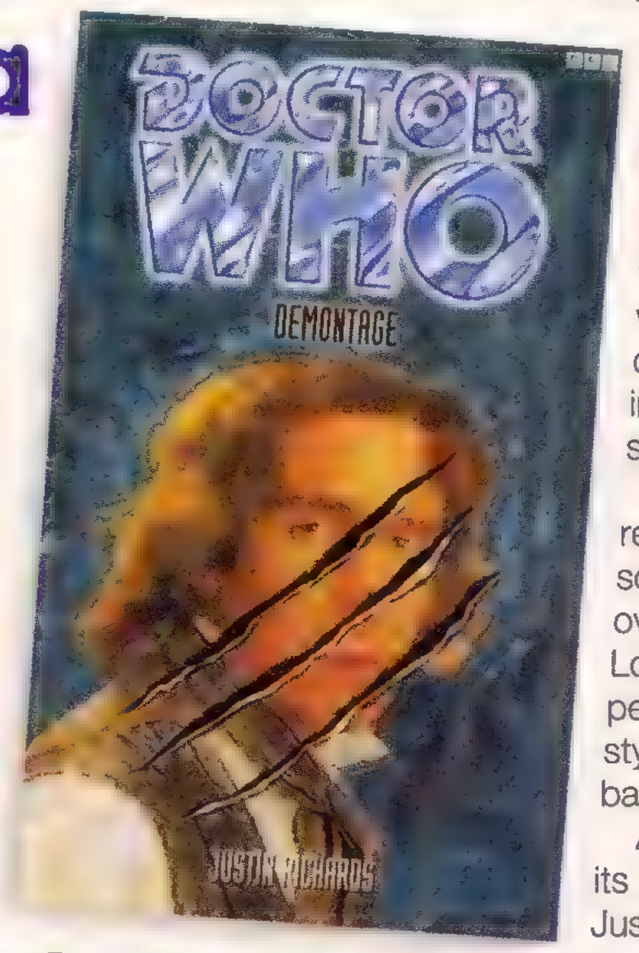
Unusually, and in the vein of *The Romans*, the Doctor, Sam and Fitz are discovered two days into a planned week-long stay at the Vega Station leisure complex, its casino providing the perfect backdrop for Fitz's James Bond theatrics. Moving on from his pilot episode, his lecherous edges trimmed, Fitz provides the opportunity for the Doctor to share in boyish games; consequently, the Time Lord has achieved a greater sense of mischief.

Like Terry Nation, Richards shows an almost obsessive fascination with the cliffhanger as if, as a childhood viewer, he had so absorbed the visceral agony induced by having to wait a further week that it has now consumed him, Anti-Man-like, and he now has to write his own to receive the required hit. Collectively, the book acquires a page-turning quality which makes it near impossible to retire from.

The mystery surrounding an outbreak of sabotage and murder develops into a comic fantasy thriller, populated by bizarre encounters and caricatures. Nevertheless, it appears completely coherent, a startling quality which the reader would imagine only achieving if he were slipped heavy medication. If I reveal that *Demontage*'s prime suspect is a seven-foot, opera-loving, wolf-like creature named after the Italian tenor Caruso, this should then aid your decision as to whether this adventure is for you or not beyond what I can hint at here.

With names like Vermilion, Hazard Solarin and Cassy Chase, you could well have strayed into a Bond movie, or a glitzy TV adaptation of a racy Jackie Collins. Indeed, the James Bond comparisons are continuous – and, like all the humour, very self-aware, particularly a farcical sequence, played as a perfect 007 pastiche, in which Fitz ends up being hired as an assassin, confused with a man who possesses not a golden gun, but a crystal pistol.

Richards has an obvious talent for humour, running the gamut of comedy styles from the flamboyantly visual to the level of joke which Tom and Jerry would've refused to include on their Shreddies Joke Card. I laughed out aloud often, however, disturbing those around me who, on being told the reason for such hilarity, were equally amused, cementing the success of the initial idea – even paraphrased, second-hand, it's effective.



The balance is occasionally redressed with moments of off-screen horror that, had he not overspent, never to return, Lovett Bickford would have been perfect to direct, his suggestive style ably suited to *Demontage*'s background menace.

As the title suggests, art plays its part, and on this evidence, Justin Richards can dash off quite a collage.

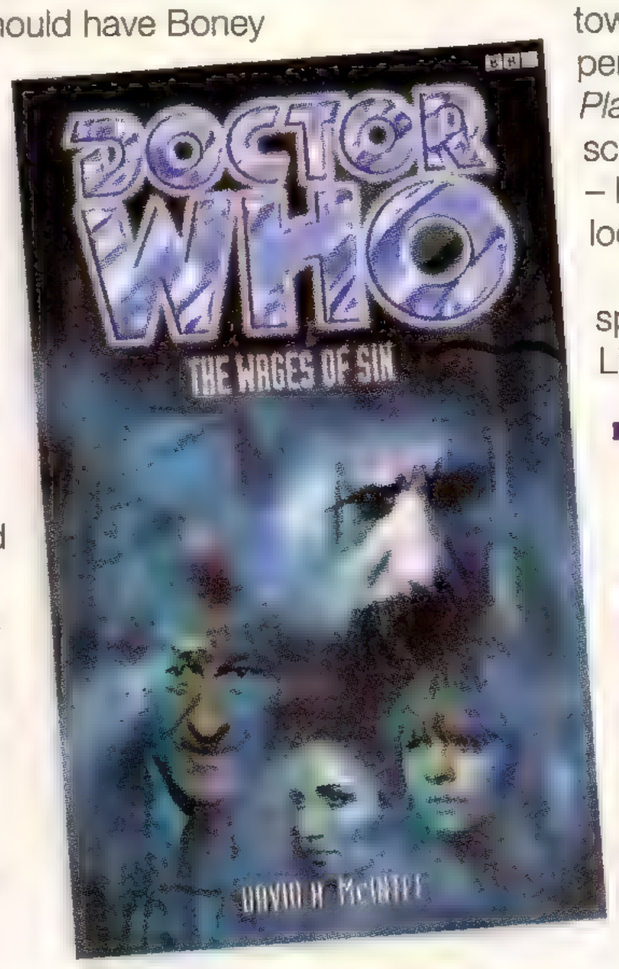
DOCTOR WHO: THE WAGES OF SIN

Novel BBC Books **Author** David A McIntee
Featuring The Third Doctor, Jo Grant & Liz Shaw
RRP £4.99 **ISBN** 0 563 555 67 X **Available** Now

There was a certain man in Russia long ago who, among his many legacies, inspired one of the most table-thumping pop songs of the nineteen-seventies. An outrageous example of theatre, it is not only responsible for

inducing apparently sane individuals to deeply and repeatedly yell "Hail!" for its entire duration, but also for introducing to a generation an historical figure hitherto unknown.

That *The Wages of Sin* should have Boney M's *Rasputin* as its unofficial theme tune is no coincidence. Indeed, even author David A McIntee appears satisfied only after the song's third mention. It is unsurprising that although his Russia, bubbling for revolution, has an authenticity that merely relying on a shovelful of snow, a bottle of Vodka and a few '-insky's could not, it is the cultural and cinematic influences, rather than the plain facts of 1916 St Petersburg, which light up the book with colour.



Appropriately, it is Jo Grant, more than either the Third Doctor or the briefly returning Liz Shaw, who is most susceptible to anachronistic thoughts, and at times we sail dangerously close to the wind. Disappointed by Rasputin's poor resemblance to his later film representations, she thinks of Christopher Lee's Hammer Films Mad Monk, rather than Tom Baker's definitive portrayal in 1971's *Nicholas and Alexandra*.

With so many *Doctor Who* books to his name, you don't have to be the wettest Sea Devil in the pond to realise that David A McIntee is partial to the use of characters and creatures established in televised adventures. More specifically, if his name adorns a book's jacket and the Master hasn't turned up by the fifth chapter, then you're fully entitled to conclude that there's been a mishap at the printers. Being presented a novel that speaks of Rasputin, his womanising and legendary hypnotic powers, and then placing it within a period of the programme where even telephone engineers and country vicars must be viewed with suspicion, is enough to set off an alarm bell the size of the Kremlin. It is to his credit that the author resists such an obvious temptation. Russia's greatest love machine creeping to a horsebox hidden in the grounds of the Imperial Palace would be horrid, and belongs to the Bonkers Box from which the crass idea that HG Wells travelled in the TARDIS once fell.

Also wise is the exchange of historical extravagance for character development. All is contained and familiar enough to be visualised. The sprawling epic of the aforementioned Tom Baker film has been replaced by a tighter focus, specifically the plot to kill Rasputin.

Reliant on his readers' willingness to partake in a story where the ending is known, *The Wages of Sin* concentrates, like the recent *Titanic* film, not so much with the telling of history but with his chosen characters' participation in it. Treading diligently between the threads of documentation, the Doctor is thus cast into the role of gentleman spy. If placing the James Bond of Doctors in a gadgetless historical had, up to this juncture, smacked of cruelty, the ensuing Richard Hannay-style antics finally answer any doubts why this TARDIS crew had been chosen over more obvious candidates. Accompanied by Kit Powell, a British infiltrator (who, may I suggest, narrowly escaped being christened after the aforementioned Robert), it could only be Pertwee's Doctor pictured riding an express train by clinging to its roof. Such sequences swing the prose erratically between cartoon and thriller.

Depending on the taste of the individual towards this era, this will either be perfectly pitched or trite. Like *Planet of the Daleks*, McIntee scripts a piercingly moralistic end – but unlike the former, it won't loosen your lunch.

The Wages of Sin does not sparkle with originality – it can't. Like the endless takes offered on President Kennedy's assassination, it is eventually strait-jacketed to the facts. But within those confines, it handsomely rewards.

Oh, those Russians . . .

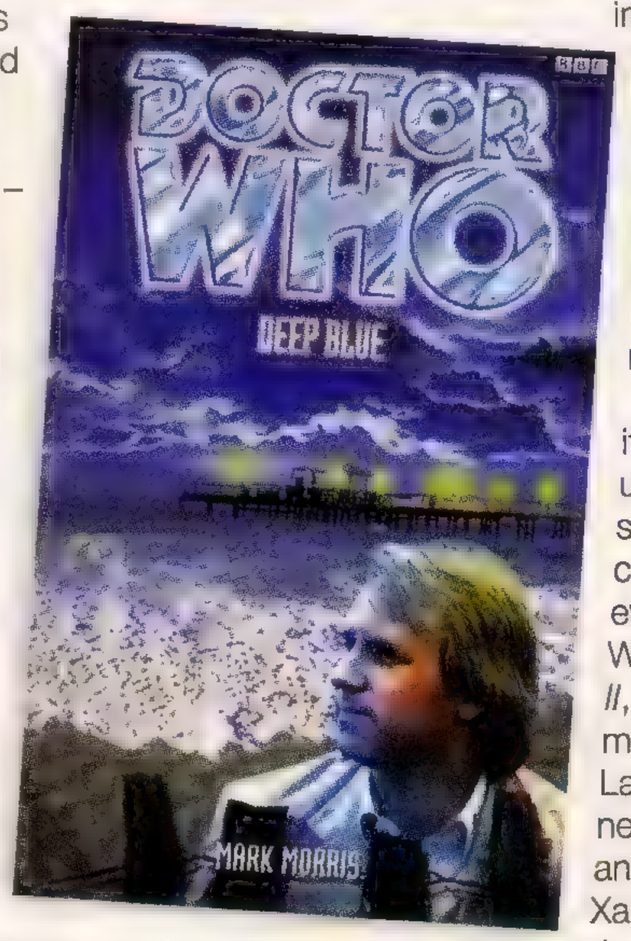
To his credit, McIntee resists the obvious temptation of making Rasputin the Master

DOCTOR WHO: DEEP BLUE

Novel BBC Books **Author** Mark Morris
Featuring The Fifth Doctor, Tegan, Turlough & UNIT
RRP £4.99 **ISBN** 0 563 55571 8 **Available** Now

Having already encountered the Third Doctor on the historical stomping ground of the First, further cross-pollination is encountered when the Fifth has the good fortune to turn up in the Third's. Not content with such brazen gatecrashing, Mark Morris proceeds to present UNIT as an outfit of the early seventies. What was once one of *Doctor Who*'s hottest continuity potatoes has, in recent times, become something of a free-for-all. *The Devil Goblins From Neptune*, earlier in the BBC range, did much the same.

In *Doctor Who* terms, presenting, say, the Brigadier with Peter Davison's Time Lord can be sidestepped with a brisk, 'He can wear whatever face he wants.' But presenting him with Turlough – or, more accurately, putting Turlough into the Brigadier's history years before either's enrolment at Brendon School – is like introducing a fly to a dinner party. No matter how entertaining the company, or enticing the food, its very presence is a problem, and the longer the problem continues, the more it irritates. *Deep Blue* is in no hurry to resolve this situation, but with care to keep *Mawdryn Undead* intact, resolve it it does.



I make such play of this not because fooling with continuity worries me – I couldn't give a Lord Toffingham's lolly about the chronology of the Dalek wars – but because it worries others, sometimes to the point that they are driven to write novels concerning their favourite blunder, and because to have one's concentration diverted for a moment from *Deep Blue* would be an unutterable shame. A seductive writer of horror, Morris' work is tantalisingly visual. Following his effortless recreation of the Victorian London of *The Talons of Weng-Chiang* in *The Bodysnatchers*, here he invokes the nostalgia of hot summer holidays, recalling bucket-and-spade simplicity spent content on our own beaches. One is no less a cliché than the other, but the heady mix of heat, denim, glam rock and unkempt hair encapsulates a time when it was entirely possible to believe Mike Yates could save the world. And, what's more, do it wearing burgundy cords.

The small seaside town of Tayborough Sands hosts a Season Ten story that its regular Doctor would be sorry to have missed. There has been no attempt by the author to shape his tale of pollution and body horror to the more abstract, concept-heavy plods associated with our visiting eighties triumvirate – but, with skill, Peter Davison's Doctor is never Jon Pertwee's, even though every element on display, without exception, calls for his presence.

Reading Morris' handling of suspense, I suspect if he had not chosen to further his love for horror fiction by writing it, he could've done worse than enrolling on a television directors' training course. The rising tension of a mutating community of locals and holidaymakers is deftly conveyed. But the transformation scenes are the novel's showpieces, and what saves these curtain calls from monotony is that they have, through careful manipulation, become less about the 'what' and more about the 'when'. This technique allows the reader to indulge ghoulish pleasure in anticipating the fate of the insectoid Xaranti's next victim.

Directorial vision maps out the Doctor and Turlough's encounter of the menace aboard the Xaranti spaceship in as textually precise manner as Ridley Scott did cinematically in stalking the crew members in *Alien*.

Although the story retains its individuality, it does unashamedly mine other sources. The public's innocently escalating anger strongly evokes the residents of Winnerden Flats in *Quatermass II*, the beachside panic imbuing more than a touch of *Jaws*. Later on we encounter a bleakness reminiscent of *Survivors* – and, best of all, when a lone Xaranti takes refuge in a deserted fairground, the unmistakeable legacy of *Scooby Doo*.

This novel, and UNIT's involvement in it, are wonderfully encapsulated in seven words from Sergeant Benton who, rushing into the Brigadier's office, cries out: "There's a monster on the beach, sir!" Magnificent. DWM

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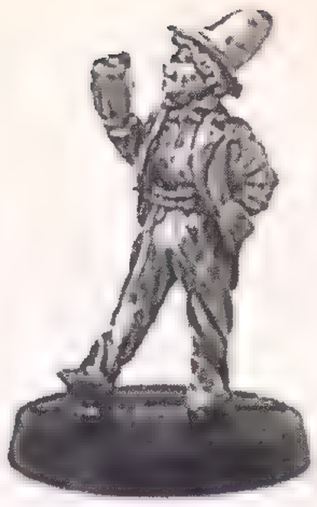

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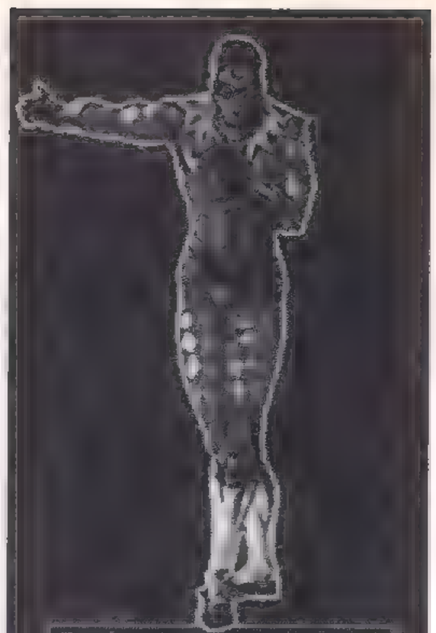

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The Fanzine Trap

operated by Ed Salt

The yawning jaw of DWM's occasional forum for the perusal of non-profit-making fan publications is prised open once again. If you'd like your fanzine reviewed, send a copy to the editorial address on page three, remembering to enclose full price and ordering details.

THE DOCTOR'S RECORDER #16

Format A4 **Pages** 52 **Price** £2.95 **Cheques payable to** Andrew Hardstaffe **Address** Flat 42, Rosebank House, 217 Belle Vue Road, Leeds, LS3 1HG

Celebrating 35 years of *Doctor Who*, this bumper issue has articles representing each of the eight Doctors and an interview with Caroline John. This issue's special feature focuses on Season Twenty-One, while *TARDIS Times* takes us to 1983. With four new pieces of fan fiction, including the first episode of a five-part story featuring the Seventh Doctor and the Draconians, this excellent issue is marred only by some very juvenile humour. Issue 17 promises to be Cyber-flavoured!

THE TROGLODYTE #1

Format A5 **Pages** 48 **Price** £2.00 **Cheques payable to** Matthew Kilburn **Address** 8 Glastonbury Court, Farrow Lane, London, SE14 5EA

One-time *Skaro* contributor Matthew Kilburn has bitten the bullet and produced a fanzine of his own. *The Troglodyte* springs fully-fledged into *The Fanzine Trap* with a quiet confidence that makes it feel like it's been around for quite a while. Behind its Kodak-yellow cover can be found articles about *Babylon 5*, the future of *Doctor Who*, the BBC's decimated archives and a series of essays on the comparative fan bases of *Doctor Who*, *The X Files*, JRR Tolkien and the Manic Street Preachers.

THE UNREGENERATE #4: THE BRIG ISSUE

Format A5 **Pages** 40 **Price** £2.50 **Cheques payable to** DP Griggs **Address** 77 Pownall Crescent, Colchester, Essex, CO2 7RF

As may be gathered from its cover pastiche of a certain High Street journal, this issue is a UNIT special. Inside you will find an interview with *Auton* director (and **DWM**'s 'Ninth Doctor') Nicholas Briggs, Tim Saward's original synopsis and script extracts for *Auton 2* (*In the Blood*), an overview of the ever-popular Season Seven and an investigation into the present whereabouts of UNIT personnel, plus a sprinkling of UNIT-inspired fan fiction.

STONE CIRCLE #6

Format A5 **Pages** 80 **Price** £1.50 **Cheques payable to** John Isles **Address** 111 Riddings Road, Deighton, Huddersfield, HD2 1HT

A jam-packed anniversary edition in which the *Stone Circle* team manage to review every one of the Doctor's televised adventures plus the 'official' Jon Pertwee/Colin Baker radio excursions. Interviews with Sophie Aldred, John Leeson and David Brierley (together) and Frazer Hines pepper the issue, along with various reviews, an article on *The Prisoner* and Part One of a two-part Fifth Doctor and Turlough story. All this behind a truly disturbing cover showing sixties icons the Daleks slaughtering nineties counterparts the Teletubbies.

ESSENTIAL SF #1

Format A4 **Pages** 28 **Price** £2.00 **Cheques payable to** Zach Farquharson-Waugh **Address** 41 Delamere Road, Northampton, NN4 8QG

This is a slick and amusing magazine from the stable that brought us the not-entirely-dissimilar *Metamorph 2*. This issue, like many reviewed this month, celebrates the recent 35th anniversary of *Doctor Who*, though not to the exclusion of all else. Alongside a witty *A to Z of Doctor Who* (not as banal as it sounds) can be found features on *Out of the Unknown*, Stephen King, *Blake's 7* and *Star Trek: Voyager*'s brutally frank (and frankly beautiful) Seven of Nine. Quite a nice package.

STRANGE SKINS #1

Format A5 **Pages** 32 **Price** £2.00 **Cheques payable to** Paul Ferry **Address** 13 West Drive, Cleadon, Sunderland, Tyne & Wear, SR6 7SJ

From the people responsible for *FanMail* and Timebase Films comes this drunkenly humourous offering, its acid trip cover showing a happy, smiling Cyberman carrying a couple of pints of beer. Littered with *Viz*-style cartoons (*The X-Flies Doctor Duck*, *Quarkz 7* etc), it also includes items on Tim Quinn & Dicky Howett's comic strip *I Was Adolf's Double*, and growing up with Target Books.

THE OTHER: TALES FROM THE DARK DIMENSION #11

Format A4 **Pages** 24 **Price** £1.00 **Cheques payable to** Jonathan Hibberd **Address** 33 Honey Lane, Buntingford, Hertfordshire, SG9 9BQ

This fanzine is entirely devoted to fan fiction and contains three tales, mixing new characters and situations with more familiar ones. *The Poseidon Complex* Episode One, by Jonathan Hibberd, features the Doctor and his Geordie companion Jennifer. *Time Rift*'s AC Chapin provides us with the Seventh Doctor and Ace battling against the Valeyard, with help from the Sixth Doctor and Peri, in *The Splintering*. The final piece, also by editor Jonathan Hibberd, is Part One of *Home From Home*, a tale involving Susan Foreman, Cybermen, The Master and Marvel's Death's Head character. Contains strong language.

FAZE #15

Format A5 **Pages** 44 **Price** £1.50 **Cheques payable to** John Connors **Address** 8 Henley Road, Liverpool, L18 2DW

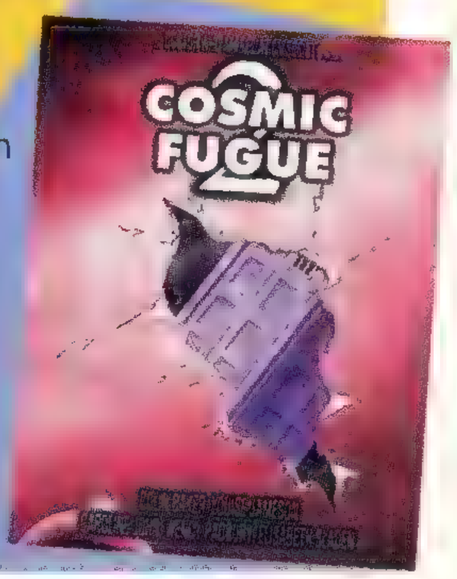
More random ramblings from one of the best fanzines around. This issue asks 'Is *Doctor Who* Dated?', has a look at non-fiction *Doctor Who* books down the years, assesses the nineties version of *The Tomorrow People*, peruses the 'genius' of the now-defunct Boo Radleys and examines the third season of *3rd Rock From the Sun*.

Pick of the Trap!

COSMIC FUGUE #2

Format Double cassette **Price** £6.00 UK/ £6.50 Europe/ £7.00 other overseas **Cheques payable to** DWAS **Address** DWAS (CF2), PO Box 519, London SW17 9XW

Five stories and three 'interludes' read and performed by a host of *Doctor Who* stars. Colin Baker narrates a confrontation between the Doctor and his ultimate foe at the Lake of Possibilities, while elsewhere he provides the three interludes, including a recital from an early draft of *Hamlet* written by William Shakespeare and the Doctor! Companion actresses Caroline John and Wendy Padbury read stories concerning their alter egos Liz and Zoe, and Elisabeth Sladen recreates the role of Sarah in a spooky piece by Barry Letts. The highlight, however, is *Savage* by Gary Russell – in which Louise Jameson (who also presents the tapes) tells us of Leela's life on Gallifrey after leaving the Doctor. All proceeds from this tape go to the charities HOPE for Romanian Orphans and The Meningitis Trust.

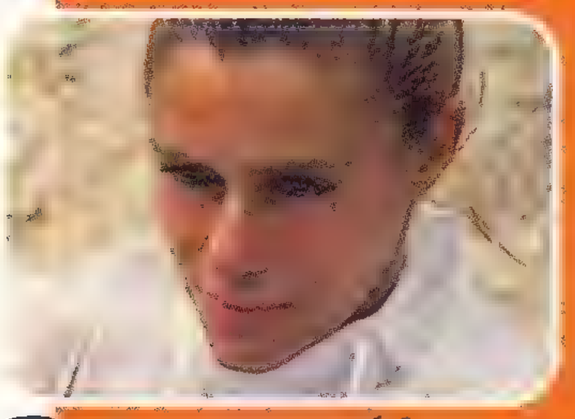


You have been watching

Ken Dodd

Sara Griffiths

Don Henderson



Belinda Mayne

Hugh Lloyd

Bonnie Langford

An interstellar war spills over into a *Hi-De-Hi!*-style holiday camp in *Delta and the Bannermen* – which, with its endlessly eclectic support cast, surely ranks as one of the most extraordinary *Doctor Who* adventures ever. Peter Griffiths tracks down writer **Malcolm Kohll** . . .

"I come from South Africa, where I trained as a journalist. I left for political reasons in February 1977, and enrolled in a post-graduate film degree at Middlesex Polytechnic. It didn't teach me a hell of a lot, but it was a good basic one-year course which encompassed everything – writing, editing, directing, the whole lot. It enabled you to find your areas of interest and specialise."

Malcolm Kohll sits at his desk at Focus Films, talking easily about his early career. You get the impression that little ruffles this man, who discusses his work on *Doctor Who*'s 24th season with a tinge of amusement. The impression gained is that even if it's not the most important entry on his resumé, it's one that holds fond memories.

"I thought of getting into writing primarily because of my journalistic background, but also because it was cheap. You didn't have to be employed to write, whereas to direct or whatever, you have to sit around waiting for someone to give you a job. At that stage there were very few books available on scriptwriting, so I mostly taught myself. I was very fortunate to be taken on by Elizabeth Dench, a very well known agent who represents a lot of good writers. She provided me with a lot of encouragement. I carried on like this for a number of years, surviving on rewrite jobs, writing gags and anecdotes, any damn thing just to keep busy. During that time I also wrote my own scripts. A lot of them were optioned but never made, which is the perennial story of the film industry in this country.

"We got the go-ahead to pump up the humour. It was a lighter, frothier piece – more summery, you might say!"

"My interest in science fiction came quite early on. A friend called Keith Simmons and I put together a project at film school on JG Ballard, who at that time was in the margin of science fiction writing – he hadn't yet been embraced by the mainstream literary world. We put together a film concept for the Arts Council which involved

...een ...

cannibalising a number of Ballard's books and intercutting these segments with interviews with the man himself. We also advanced a thesis that science fiction writing had always been ghettoised – seen as a slightly nerdy relation to proper literature or drama. Our conjecture was that in the hands of someone like Ballard, science fiction could address major contemporary issues in an analogous form by taking an imaginative leap forward.

"The Arts Council backed us to do a pilot for a segment of the film, and that worked out well. We thought this was all quite easy. You write a script, someone gives you money and off you go. It didn't actually pan out that way, of course! We had quite a few meetings with Ballard, but the day before we were due to start shooting the main interviews with him, we got a note from his lawyer saying he'd changed his mind. That was disappointing, because we would have been the first people on the block to tackle the debate over science fiction."

Malcolm moved a step closer to *Doctor Who* when he was invited to attend a writers' group being run at the BBC. One of the other participants was Andrew Cartmel. "Part of the dilemma for a writer is isolation. You sit in your room and seldom speak to others in the industry. You lose any critical faculty of the stuff you're doing, and can go quietly potty. This group meant you could bounce your ideas off people and workshop stuff, and generally the criticisms were very helpful and positive.

"Andrew was shortly afterwards taken on by John Nathan-Turner as script editor on *Doctor Who*, and he began to solicit material for the new series with Sylvester McCoy. One of their requirements for that particular season was to do a nostalgia piece which reflected the late fifties. There was quite a lot of backward-looking stuff going on in the late eighties, and they hadn't visited that period before. We brainstormed a number of ideas, most of which were whittled down through Andrew saying, 'No, they did this one in 1964, they did this one in 1979,' and so on! *Delta and the Bannermen* was the idea that survived this process, and I decided to set it in a holiday camp in Wales because I had spent a lot of holidays on Barry Island, where the episodes were shot, and knew it well. It seemed a good opportunity to do all that fun fifties stuff – early rock 'n' roll, the motor bikes, the fashions – and

locate it within a *Doctor Who* story. As a bonus, all three episodes were slated for Outside Broadcast.

"Cartmel was great fun. He was new to the job, so he was full of enthusiasm and very encouraging. He'd had to do all the trawling work through previous episodes to know what had and hadn't been done, so he had a good idea of what was in character. He could say with authority, 'No, the Doctor wouldn't say that. Try going in this direction.' I didn't have much contact with John Nathan-Turner, the producer, but he struck me as a nice man who obviously knew the series intimately. He gave us the budget we needed for these particular episodes, and they filmed a very handsome production. There was a lot of very good talent in the cast, which must have been down to John – these names weren't doing it for the money. That's effective producing."

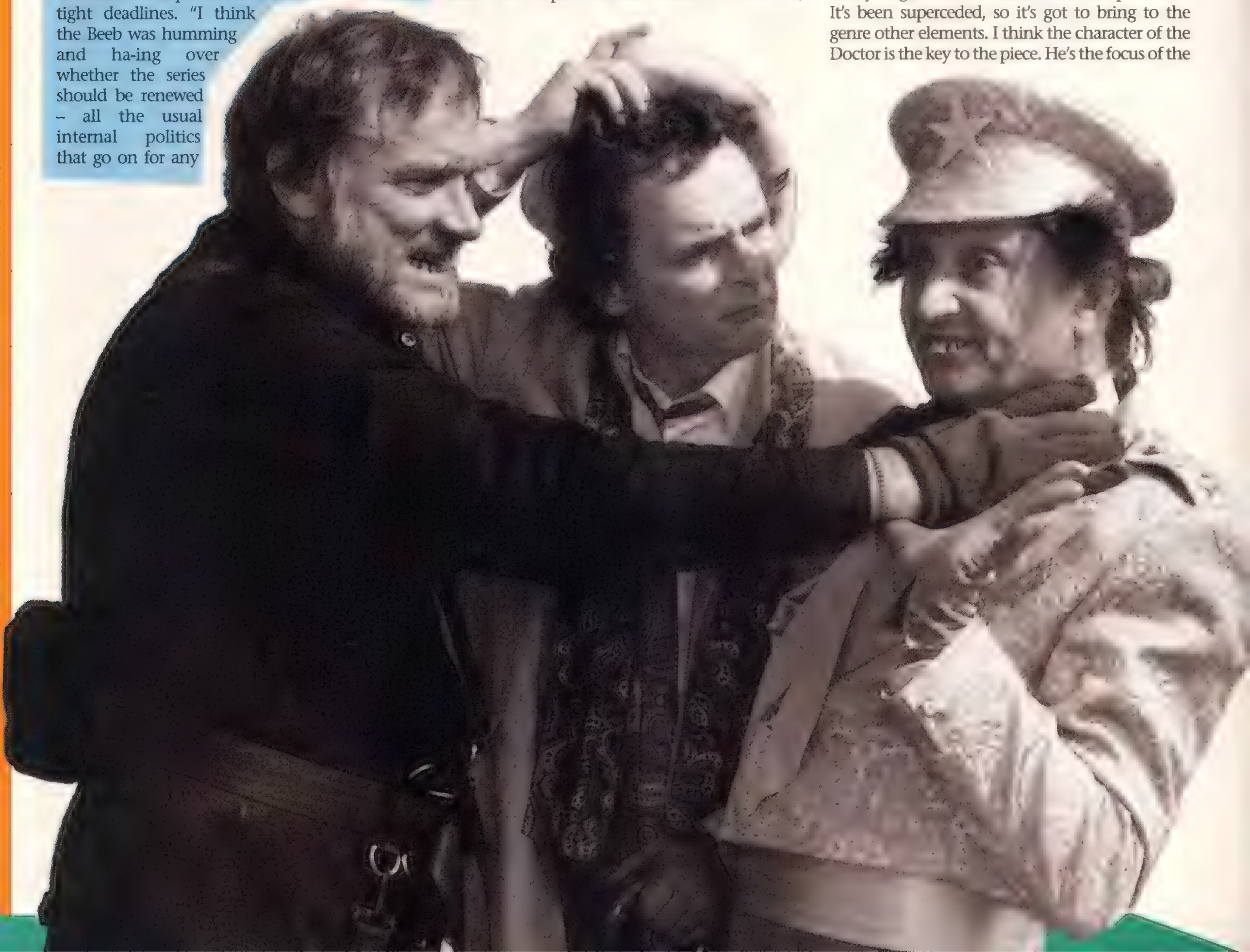
Season Twenty-Four was given the go-ahead by the BBC extremely late in the day, leading to a scramble for scripts and some tight deadlines. "I think the Beeb was humming and ha-ing over whether the series should be renewed – all the usual internal politics that go on for any drama series. Because of *Doctor Who*'s long franchise, the debate raged over whether it had outstayed its welcome. As I recall, we had about three weeks to a month to hash out the general storyline, and then we were on quite a quick turnaround – about two weeks per episode, then another little while to polish. Once we'd agreed everything, I wrote like the clappers and worked with Andrew to sort out the glitches. I don't think that's a bad thing from the writer's point of view. It injects everything with a certain energy and pace. You don't have the luxury of endlessly cogitating over a word or phrase, so you make it work quickly and get it right. A lot of the episodes in that season showed this energy and sparkle."

"Ken Dodd? Mmm. I thought he was excellent, actually – but his casting did come as a bit of a shock!"

Ian Briggs, the writer of *Dragonfire*, tells the story that as he and Malcolm were writing back-to-back three parters, one was instructed to write a lighter story, the other a more traditional adventure. *Dragonfire* was meant to be the comedy, but when the scripts for *Delta* started to come in, Briggs was instructed to remove the humour from his story. "I vaguely remember that. There was a point where we got the go-ahead to pump up the humour in my episodes, so I guess that was when that decision was made. Ian's story ended up being shot through with darker humour, but mine was a lighter, frothier piece. More summery, you might say."

Probably as a result of his proposed thesis, Malcolm has some interesting views on science fiction as a genre, and *Doctor Who*'s place in it. "Interest in science fiction peaks and wanes every few years, but it has a steady popular base. It functions as an allegory, and people these days are more concerned with the human aspects of the drama than outrageous special effects. Effects are to some extent wallpaper. Testimony to that is how effective the old *Doctor Who*s were, with their clichéd shaky walls and Daleks made out of washing-up bottles. It worked with the power of the imagination.

"*Doctor Who*'s a difficult mix to get right because as straight science fiction, it's not as heavyweight now as when it was first produced. It's been superceded, so it's got to bring to the genre other elements. I think the character of the Doctor is the key to the piece. He's the focus of the



"It was a good opportunity to do all that fun 1950s stuff – rock 'n' roll, the motorbikes, the fashions . . ."

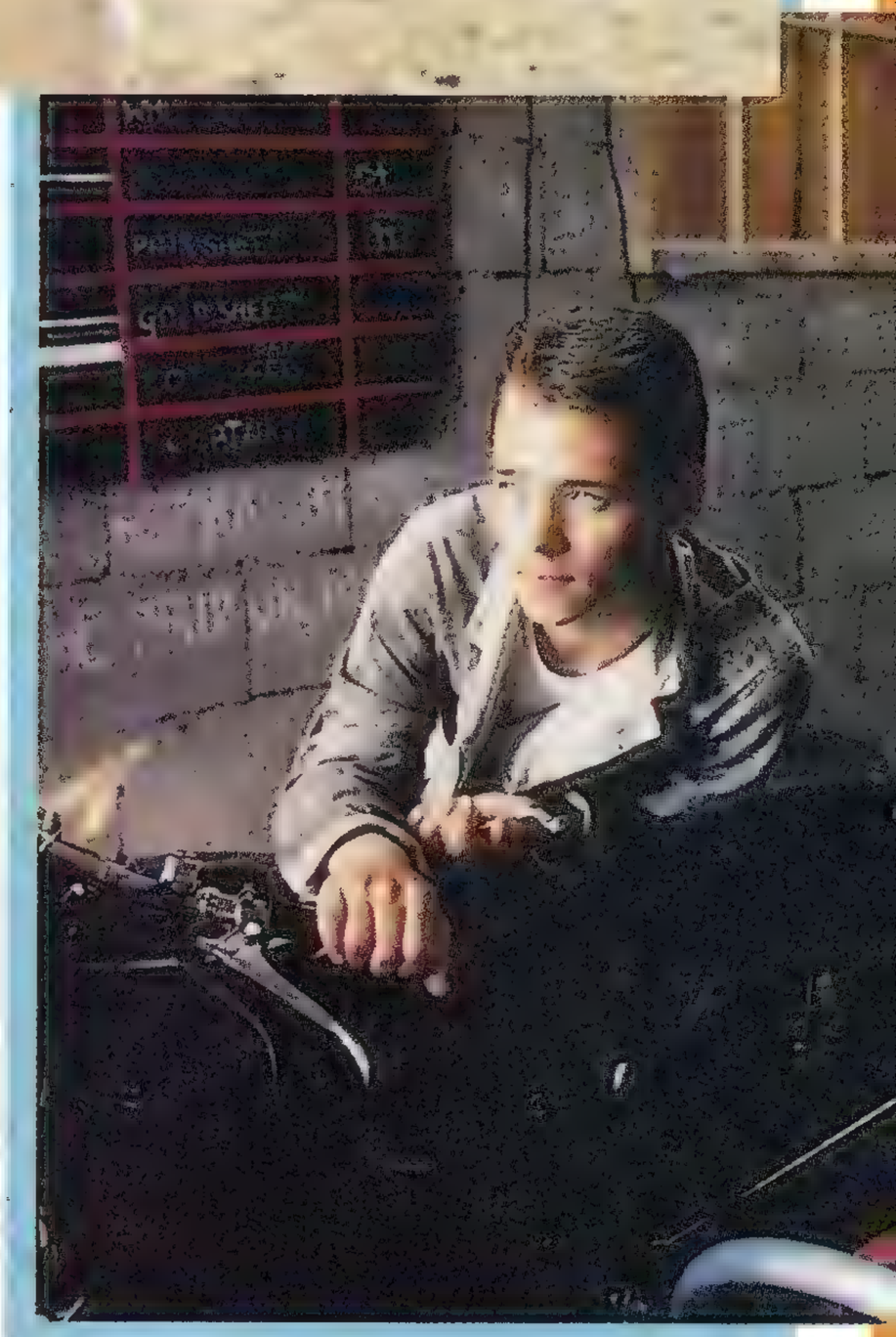
story, and thus he has to be made attractive and relevant to modern audiences. Kids watching the series should experience the same kind of fears and anxieties as previous generations, but hopefully some amusement as well.

"We got a lot of criticism from older fans because they remembered hiding behind the sofa when watching it as kids, and they felt the new characters were too jokey or lightweight. Because of Sylvester's character, we wanted to employ some of his comic talents and make the series lighter in tone, but that's not to say we wanted to turn it into a slapstick piece. The comedic moments should work to make the drama more potent instead. It was quite exciting, and represented an evolution of the character and the way the series worked. It had to evolve with the times or it was anachronistic – and I think to a large extent myself and the other new writers that Andrew bought in succeeded in bringing it up to date."

If the Doctor is the focus of the story, where does that leave the companion? "Yes, Melanie. First let me say that I don't think the problem lay with Bonnie Langford. On the contrary, she was extremely professional. She showed up, knew her lines and was on the mark. I rather think that the problem was the assistant's role had been overtaken by history. When they were first conceived, they were largely coffee-making helpers. By the late eighties, that was no longer appropriate, but the format was still there. We couldn't overhaul Mel's character and have her out-Doctoring the Doctor, so what we tried to do was push the envelope as far as we could to make her a more active, modern person. It was also a concern of Andrew Cartmel's to make the supporting female characters stronger. If we couldn't give Mel her full due, we could still have women who did things rather than being screaming background scenery."

We moved on to talk about some of Malcolm's characters. The tomboy Ray was mooted as a possible replacement for Mel at one point. Malcolm was unaware of this. "I don't think I knew that, no. She was a good character, quite spunky and zapping around with lots of energy, but I wasn't privy to the production decisions going on. My job was just to write the script." I also asked about the idea behind the cryptic bee keeper Garonwy. "Garonwy is your wise man. He's a certain type of country person who, although relatively unsophisticated in the ways of the world, is plugged into elemental forces – nature and the workings of the universe. He wouldn't ever conceive of himself in those terms, though. He just does his thing and speaks to his bees and accepts whatever comes along."

Ken Dodd was a controversial piece of casting



as the Tollmaster. "Mmm. I thought he was excellent, actually, but he did come as a bit of a shock. He wasn't how I had imagined the character, but not having grown up in England, I didn't have the baggage of associations that go with Doddy. He played the part with relish, but that can be said of everyone on the story. They were all very into it, which made for a good-humoured shoot."

One of the innovations in *Delta and the Bannermen* was the saturation use of period music. Malcolm selected the songs himself. "I seem to remember I had a whole bunch of song titles and I sat down and sorted through them. I researched which were the hits of 1959, and chose the ones I liked best! The production team followed all of my suggestions. One of the really nice things was how the director, Chris Clough, and John

Nathan-Turner stuck to the script. They shot it as written, which from my experience in the movie industry rarely happens!"

The scripting over, Malcolm embarked on a prose version of his story for Target Books. "I believe the publishing house had a contract with BBC Enterprises or whoever it was that each story be novelised. As far as I was concerned, it was a straightforward requirement of the job. It was enjoyable, but unsatisfactory at the same time. A screenplay isn't literature, it's dialogue. You're writing a set of instructions for actors and director. Novelising the script was therefore quite a mechanical process, but you did have the luxury of putting in characters' thoughts and fleshing them out a little more."

With the novelisation done, Malcolm Kohll's connection with *Doctor Who* came to an end. Unlike the other new writers in the Andrew Cartmel stable, he was not invited to submit another script. "I had quite a number of ideas, but I never got to the point of submitting them off my own bat. I was feeling a little burned out after the script and novelisation anyway." He soon after began work on a political feature in South Africa called *The Fourth Reich*. "It was the true story of how Hitler tried to assassinate Prime Minister Smutz, who was in power during World War II, and install a Nazi government. When Germany armed for the war, they used up all of their strategic minerals – copper, chrome and so forth. The biggest supplier in the world at that time was South Africa, and it was keeping a lot of the Allied effort alive. Hitler thought that if he could gain these resources and control of the Cape, he would be in a position to fuel his war machine until he won. He came within a hair's breadth of succeeding, too.

"For the last few years, I've been living on options again, though I have got a number of series in development. Trying to make a career as a screenwriter in this country is very difficult, so it's nice to now be part of a production company where I am evaluating material all the time. I've got a number of feature films that are ready to go, and I'm hoping next year we'll see some of them."

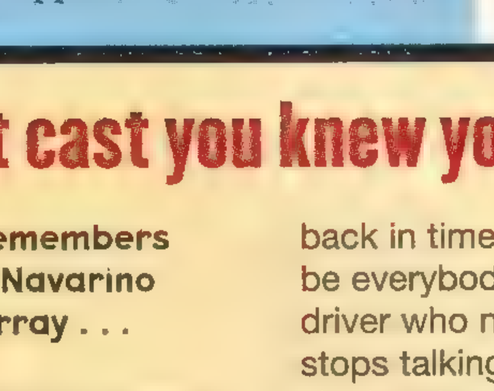
So, it's a different situation to coming up with ideas for television science fiction? "Absolutely. It's very hard to find something fresh and original for *Doctor Who*, much harder than if someone comes to you and says, 'We're looking for a one-off idea for a series. These are the parameters – come up with something!' When you throw in 20 ideas and get told that 19 of them have been done before, it makes it a little difficult! But *Doctor Who* is a programme that carries a lot of kudos for a writer, so it's nice to have on my CV." DWM

"We got a lot of criticism from older fans who thought the new characters were too jokey or lightweight"

"With that cast you knew you were in for something special!"

Johnny Dennis remembers playing ill-fated Navarino coach driver Murray . . .

"I've achieved two ambitions. To play the London Palladium, and to appear on *Doctor Who*. I think, like everybody, from an early age *Doctor Who* had a very important part in your life, hiding behind the sofa while you watched it, so to appear on it was quite amazing. I got cast because the producer had seen me in music hall, and so was aware of my work, and there was a funny character called Murray, who was quite a lively and chirpy character on these Galactic Tours, and they would travel back in time. This chap had to be everybody's dread, like a taxi driver who never stops talking and singing. I don't know why but immediately the producer, kind soul, thought of me.



"Another great thrill was that a great chum, Ken Dodd, was in it, and that was his first dramatic television performance, so he was quite nervous about it . . . Of course he played my boss, and in the episode got shot, and died brilliantly. A lot of that stuff was shot at three o'clock in the morning at an aerodrome near Barry, in Wales.

"I got on immediately well with Sylvester McCoy, who was a like soul to mine who works a lot in comedy, and Bonnie Langford I'd known since she was about 14. So we had a wonderful time.

"We set off to shoot it at the holiday camp, and the minute we got there it was a heatwave. I am talking the upper eighties . . . They utilised every single part of that camp during the filming, even the ballroom which contained a bizarre little scene where we are all jiving about. The wrap party when the shooting was over was held there, and they did it *à la* fifties. I compered it a bit like Murray, Brian Hibbard [playing Keillor] sung his rock 'n' roll, Sylvester did his sketches, I think Morgan [Deare, playing Hawk] did a monologue . . . All of us agreed it was the most fun thing we'd done that year.

"We had rehearsed back in London, but of course when you get there it's entirely different, being entirely on location. You just learned your lines and got on with it. Of course with that cast you knew you were in for something special, and you had to keep yourself going because these guys would take the scene away from you if you are not careful. Sylvester was a very interesting actor. He played the Doctor brilliantly because he didn't attempt to outdo any of these boys. He just let them bounce off. It was a very bold move on the producer's part. He knew exactly what he wanted, and he got it. That's the triumph, getting people like Doddy, and Stubby, and Hugh Lloyd, and Don Henderson – playing a great, great heavy – to do it, because they all *want* to do it!"

Anthony Townsend

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We apologise for the break in transmission...

Normal service will be resumed on the opposite page, where our *Telesnap Archive* on Troughton six-parter *The Enemy of the World* continues – with Episode 5. But whatever happened to Episode 4?

Within the Hungarian retreat of would-be global despot Salamander, time travellers Jamie and Victoria have been exposed as agents of Salamander's mortal enemy, Giles Kent. Salamander now suspects that contradictory reports on his most recent comings and goings may have been caused by a stranger in league with Kent – a man with whom he shares an uncanny physical similarity. That man is the Doctor . . .

So, what happens next? Unfortunately, there is no surviving visual record whatsoever of The Enemy of the World *Episode 4 – no off-screen 'telesnaps' by freelance photographer John Cura are known to exist for this particular instalment, transmitted 13 January 1968. Before ploughing on with the intrigue, therefore, here's a recap of the dramatic events contained within that all-important fourth episode . . .*

Turncoat Fariah (Carmen Munroe)

Astrid has returned to Giles Kent's office in Australia – and, while orders for her detention are being issued by Benik, she contacts Kent and the Doctor. Learning of Denes' death, the two men tell her that they will join her shortly. Astrid is then confronted by Fariah, who has come to Australia in search of Kent. Fariah says that she has information that could help bring about Salamander's downfall – and confesses her hatred for her employer.

At Salamander's Kanowa research centre, Benik receives a report of a girl matching Astrid's description entering Kent's office. Benik's interest grows when he learns that she was joined by Fariah. He immediately orders the place to be surrounded.

Fariah informs the Doctor that Jamie and Victoria have been transferred from the European Sector, and produces Salamander's dossier on Fedorin. While the still-sceptical Doctor examines it, Benik's guards move into position outside.

Although impressed, the Doctor remains unconvinced – and becomes greatly alarmed when Kent's desire for the Doctor to kill Salamander becomes apparent. Outraged, the Doctor refuses, stating that although he will help expose the dictator, he will not act as his executioner. This only inflames Kent – who tells the Doctor that unless he kills Salamander, he will not help the Doctor free his friends.

The guards attack Kent's office, and the conspirators flee through the building's air ducts. Separated from the others, Fariah is shot down, and Benik reclaims the Fedorin file from her. Although he demands to know the identity of the man seen with Kent she refuses. Fariah dies.

In the research centre, Benik makes his report but is berated by Bruce for overstepping his authority. Salamander, however, is far more concerned with finding his impostor. He orders Bruce to find the man impersonating him; Bruce leaves with Benik, who hands Salamander the Fedorin file.

Salamander issues instructions that he is not to be disturbed and enters the records room. After the doors have locked behind him, he enters a lift concealed behind one of the wall panels and starts to descend . . .

Bruce returns, intending to see Salamander – but learns that once the doors are sealed, the records room is impenetrable, and Salamander cannot be contacted. Bruce is suspicious of Salamander's reasons for sealing off such a room . . .

The lift is connected to an underground shelter inhabited by people led by a man named Swann, all of whom believe the surface to highly irradiated. Salamander is given a hero's welcome when he announces that he has found a new source of food for them. He counters the people's demands to know when they can return to the surface by telling them that the war on the surface still rages, stressing that they must carry on their five-year-long fight from the underground by continuing to make 'natural' disasters occur where the enemies of truth and freedom gather together. To a young couple, Colin and Mary, it is the same story they have heard before; Colin tells Mary that he will insist on accompanying Salamander on his next expedition to the surface.

Fugitive Giles Kent (Bill Kerr)

Waiting in Kent's caravan near Kanowa with Giles and Astrid, the Doctor, now dressed as Salamander, hears a noise outside. He hopes it is Fariah – but the door opens and in walks Donald Bruce . . .

The Telesnap Archive

The Enemy of the World

Episode 5
by David Whitaker
Directed by Barry Letts
Transmitted 20 January 1968

During the seventies, many episodes of *Doctor Who* held in the BBC archive – mainly from the early years of the programme – were destroyed by the Corporation, and have been lost forever. Fortunately, at the time of broadcast, a number of the producers and directors of these serials employed freelance photographer John Cura to obtain a series of off-screen photographs of their episodes. These photographs – known as 'telesnaps' – now form the only visual record of some of the Doctor's greatest adventures . . .

"Stay where you are," Bruce commands, turning towards the Doctor. "I've been looking forward to meeting you again," he says.

"How did you find us?" demands Kent. Bruce shows him; after his last visit, Benik left a radio tracking device beneath the trailer.

Bruce asks Kent why he is using the Doctor to impersonate Salamander. Receiving no reply, he looks to the Doctor himself for an answer. "How much are they paying you?" he barks.

"I beg your pardon?" the Doctor replies. "They want you to assassinate Salamander, take his place?" Bruce guesses. The Doctor admits to preparing to impersonate Salamander, but only in order to free his two companions.

"And at the same time get evidence that would expose Salamander as a traitor, blackmailer and murderer!" adds Astrid. Bruce says Kent wants rid of Salamander because it was he who exposed Kent for misusing public money.

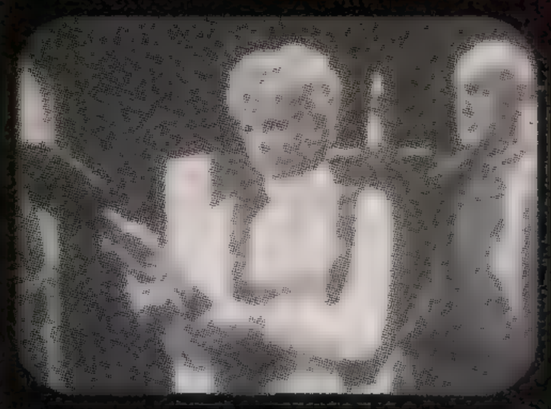
"We do hold evidence that Salamander isn't quite so pure and white as he's painted," says the Doctor – Fedorin's file, which Astrid says was to have been used by Salamander to blackmail Fedorin after Denes' death.

"And so gain control of another zone," asserts Kent. Telling Bruce that Fariah has the file, the Doctor is shocked to learn of her death. Astrid says Benik would have given the file to Salamander; they must enter the research centre.

Although still sceptical of their motives, Bruce admits that he is not satisfied with Salamander or his organisation, and intends to carry out his own investigation. Kent remarks that by the time Bruce investigates it will be too late.

"That's my affair," he says. "I'll do things my own way." Astrid leaps forward, snatching the guard's rifle. "And I do things my way," she smiles, aiming at Bruce. "As Head of Security, you should have more reliable guards."

At the research centre, Benik oversees the drugged Jamie and Victoria's arrival. He asks to be told when they wake: "I have the feeling they're going to be stubborn," he says. "So much more interesting when our prisoners are stubborn."



Bruce warns Kent that the trailer is surrounded, and they'd be stupid to try and fight their way out. Kent tries to threaten him, but the Doctor reminds him that he will have nothing to do with violence.

Asking Astrid to trust him, the Doctor takes the gun – and hands it to Bruce. "Why'd you do that?" asks Bruce. "Because I think I know what sort of man you are, honest and reasonable . . . I trust you. Now I want you to trust me."

Bruce asks the Doctor what he hopes to gain by this gesture. "Your confidence," replies the Doctor, who reiterates that there is only one way to gain the evidence they need – by gaining access to Salamander's research station.

Bruce agrees, on the understanding that only he and the Doctor go; Kent and Astrid must remain in the trailer as hostages. "Oh, and er – watch the girl," Bruce tells the guard before departing.

Salamander steps out of the lift leading into the secret underground complex beneath the research centre. Activating the intercom, he announces his return.

"I've placed the new food cases on the conveyor," he informs the listening Swann . . .

". . . detail some men to unload them," he continues. Mary and Colin are among the other underground-dwellers who hear Salamander ask for a report on "Schedule Seven".

Swann instructs Jones, Morris and Hunt to check the incoming crates for signs of contamination.

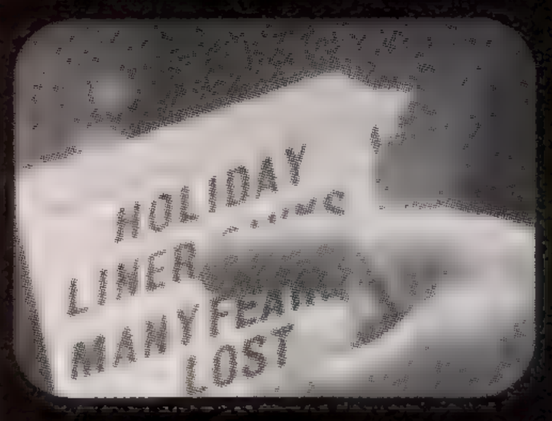
Colin asks Swann what would happen if Salamander ever failed to return from the surface. "He always comes back," says Swann, reminding him that such speculation is bad for morale. "Reality is important, too," says Colin angrily.

Mary apologises for Colin's behaviour. "We'll get out of here one day," says Swann, reassuringly. "Will we?" she asks in earnest. "Of course we will," Swann replies, "Salamander says so."

"Blind idiot," remarks Colin after Swann has gone. He tells Mary of his desire to see what is happening on the surface for himself. Swann returns to the incoming crates – and suddenly notices a scrap of paper in one of them.

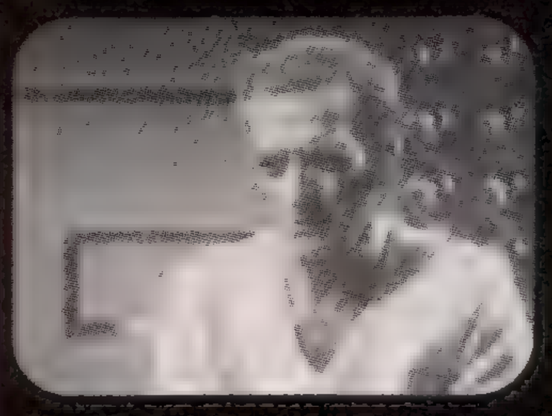
It is a piece of newspaper – and, after reading it, Swann heads straight for Salamander's office, saying he must see him.

"This is urgent," Swann explains, and is allowed in. "Now, what's the matter?" asks Salamander. "What's this? What is this?" Swann demands, brandishing the fragment. "What?" replies Salamander, innocently.



"It's a piece of newspaper," Swann explains. "So?" Salamander replies, indifferently. "Well go on, look at it. Read it," continues Swann, his temper rising. "Last year's date. Look at the bit of headline there. *There*!"

Reading the headline, Swann demands to know how there can be holiday liners when a global nuclear war is raging: "You've lied to us, haven't you? *Haven't you*?" In his defence, Salamander claims that he had to deceive them.



The war is over, but the survivors are horribly mutilated; society is evil and corrupt, and he is protecting them. Swann wants to know why they have been organising natural disasters; Salamander says the surface-dwellers are not fit to live.

Explaining that he wants Swann and the others to inherit the Earth and make a new world, Salamander attempts to justify their killing as an act of mercy. "There must be some other way," protests Swann.

Salamander says there is no other way, but Swann demands to see for himself. Salamander agrees to take him on the condition that he doesn't tell the others – but Swann remains adamant.

Much to Colin's annoyance, Swann announces that he will be going up to the surface with Salamander. "There are more stores to bring down too," he explains, adding that they will both return shortly.

"Why not me?" Colin yells in frustration as the sound of the departing lift fills the shelter. "Why didn't he take me?" he asks Mary, desperate. "I've got to get out of here, Mary. Got to get out."

In the research centre, Victoria rouses Jamie. "Here, drink this," she says, telling him his headache will soon pass. "Where are we?" the young Scot asks her, but she doesn't know. "Let's find out," he says, heading for the door.

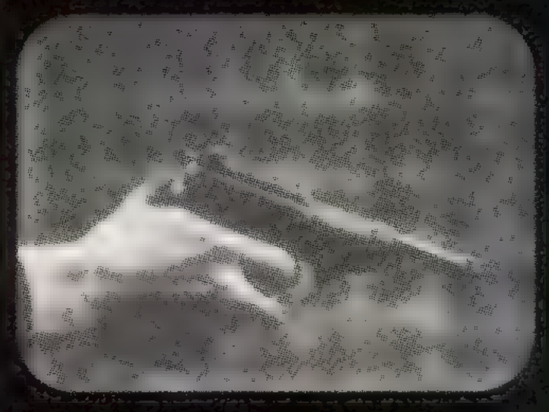
He opens it just as Benik arrives, accompanied by a guard. Benik tells them that they have been brought for questioning by Salamander. He laughs when Jamie stands up to him: "That's good, I like that."

"I wonder how long you'll last," jibes Benik. "Five minutes . . . Ten, perhaps? . . . Come now, you don't think I'm just going to sit here and ask questions, do you?" "You must have been a nasty little boy," Jamie observes.

"Oh I was . . ." agrees the sadist, "but I had a very enjoyable childhood."

Jamie attacks the guard, but Benik pulls Victoria towards him, wielding a gun. He laughs as Jamie is forced to hand back the guard's rifle: "Yes, I thought so. Spirit, plenty of spirit."

"I thought you were going to take us to see Salamander?" stammers a frightened Victoria. Benik explains that his employer will have expected him to 'question' them first. "You lay a finger on her," warns Jamie, "I'll kill you."



Benik orders Victoria to come to him – but she stays firmly by Jamie's side. "If you don't, I shall have to shoot one of you," the security chief informs them. "Oh, not a mortal wound. In the leg, perhaps?"

"Better go," Jamie says. Benik runs his fingers through Victoria's tresses. "Oh, such pretty hair," he says pleasantly – then pulls it hard. She cries out. "All right, leave her alone," says Jamie, defeated. "What do want to know?"

"Quite a lot. And you're going to tell me everything. Aren't you?" he sneers, pulling her hair again. "Who's behind you?" he demands. "Is it Giles Kent?" Before Jamie can answer, the door opens . . .

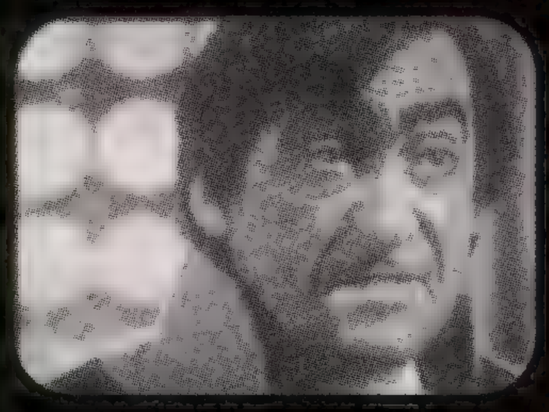
"Oh, so they're here, eh?" remarks 'Salamander', entering the room closely followed by Donald Bruce. Benik is dismissed – "And, er, take your little puppy dog with you, hm?" says Salamander, referring to the guard . . .

Turning to Jamie and Victoria, 'Salamander' says they know everything about the "childish" plan to impersonate him – and counters their claim to have evidence against him by accusing them of being terrorists.

"If you're doing so much good for the world, why are you so afraid for your own life?" demands Victoria angrily – and, on hearing that Fariah has been killed, she lashes out at Salamander.

"Oh, Victoria! Don't hit me!" protests 'Salamander'. "You wouldn't hit your old friend the Doctor, would you?"

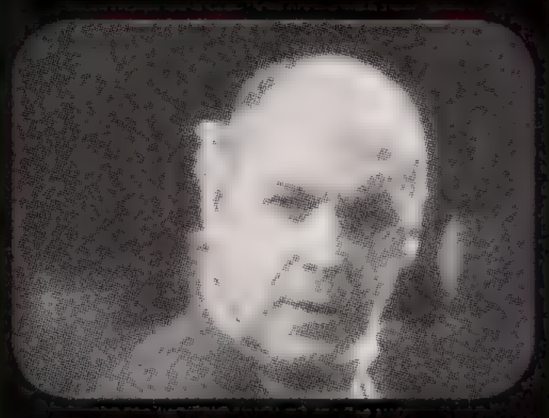
Bruce watches on as, holding an imaginary recorder to his mouth, the Doctor whistles a little tune. Jamie and Victoria are duly convinced of his true identity.



The Doctor agrees with Bruce that they still have no firm evidence – but they do have enough doubts to continue asking questions. Elsewhere, Benik is suspicious when he hears Salamander is still in Records . . .

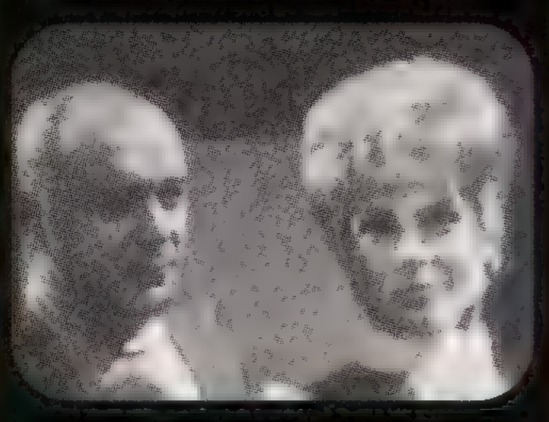
Salamander and Swann arrive at a shaft branching from the lift. "What happens up there?" asks Swann, indicating a tunnel. Salamander says it leads to a ruin where he assembles supplies. He warns Swann of the radiation threat.

In the trailer, Kent tells Astrid that he should have insisted on going with Bruce and the Doctor. Astrid reminds him that Bruce doesn't trust him – but at least Bruce is now asking questions.

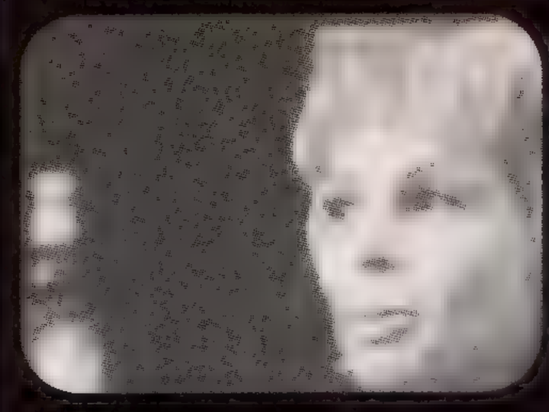


"But I know Salamander," Kent reminds her. "He can talk his way out of quicksand." Astrid says there is nothing they can do – the guard is still outside.

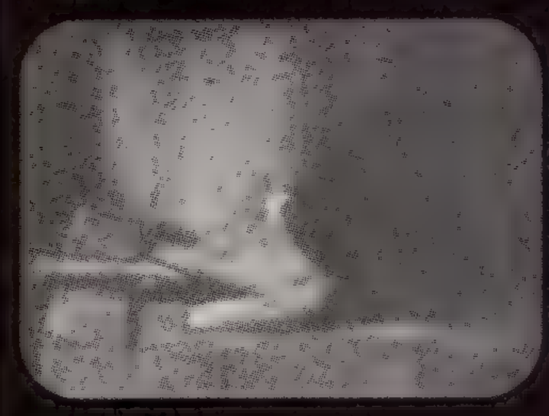
"I must get into the research centre," he urges; only he could show Bruce the evidence they need. Astrid warns him that attacking the guard could be counterproductive. "Not if I can give Bruce real evidence," he states.



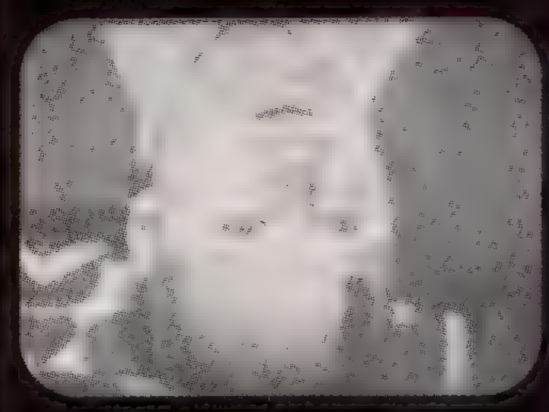
"How long would it take you to get to the research centre?" Astrid asks. Kent informs her that he already has a pass; it would only take a few minutes. Astrid says she will distract the guard long enough for him to escape.



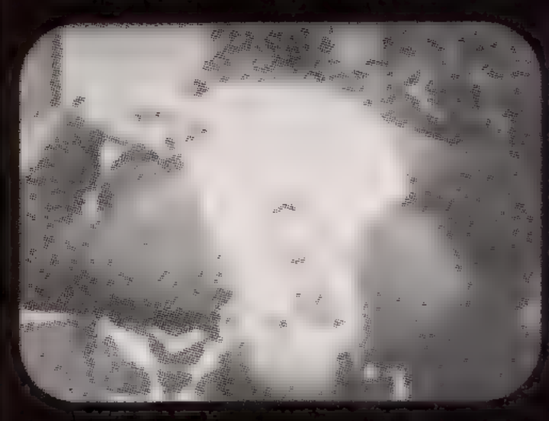
"But I thought you said we weren't going to attack the guard?" Kent remarks. Astrid assures him that they are *not* going to attack the guard. "But there is going to be an attack," she smiles enigmatically . . .



Swann is angered to hear that one tunnel leads to a field where the radiation is low; his people could be brought this far. As he turns to head off, Salamander picks up a metal bar and raises it to Swann's head . . .



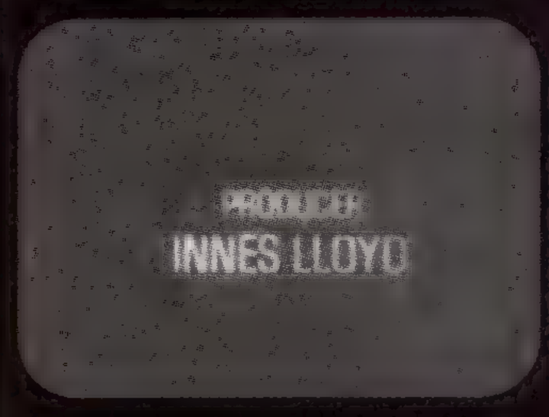
The sound of glass breaking alerts the guard, who enters the trailer – who looks down on the motionless body of Giles Kent. "He's been shot," Astrid claims.

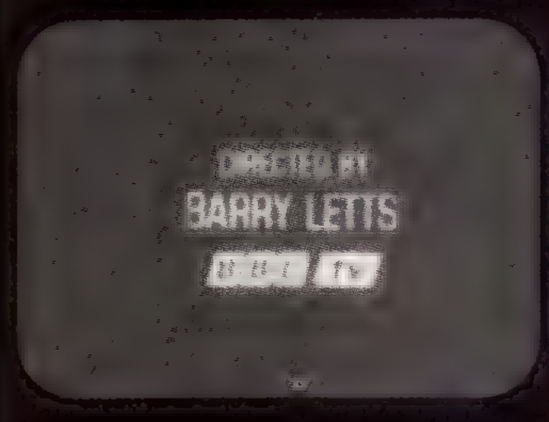


"He's finished," the guard observes – but as he remarks that they should send for a doctor, Astrid dashes out. "Hey, come back!" the guard calls out, chasing after her. As soon as the guard has gone, Kent gets to his feet.

Outside, Astrid is checking to see if the guards are following her when she hears a voice crying for help . . .

Following the sound, she finds Swann near an opening in the ground. "Who did this to you?" she asks, noting his terrible injuries. "A man named Salamander," he replies weakly. "*Salamander?*" she asks . . .





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THE EDGE OF DESTRUCTION

An explosion at the TARDIS control console knocks the Doctor, Susan, Barbara and Ian off their feet. Dazed, the crew recover one-by-one; Barbara gazes at the comatose Ian and the Doctor, and Susan complains of a pain at the back of her neck. The Doctor has cut his head, and Susan goes to the living quarters to fetch both water and a bandage; she is puzzled when the food machine dispenses water as normal but registers 'empty'. An oddly cold Ian comes to his senses; he and Barbara examine the Doctor, who is rambling that he cannot take Susan back.

Susan returns to the console area to see that the doors are open – which she says is impossible. The girl fears that something has entered the ship. While Barbara tends to the Doctor's wound, Ian finds that the outer doors close of their own accord every time he approaches. Susan attempts to operate the controls, but suddenly collapses. Ian transfers the girl to a bed in the sleeping quarters; he goes to get some water, but when he returns is held at bay by the traumatised Susan, who wields a pair of scissors menacingly in his direction before once again collapsing.

The Doctor has recovered and discusses the situation with Ian and Barbara. Ian and the Doctor decide to search for a mechanical fault; the group fail to notice Susan retrieve the scissors from the living area. While Ian and the Doctor consult the ship's fault locator, Barbara checks on Susan and the girl holds her back with the scissors. Susan believes that something has entered the ship and is hiding in one of them. Ian enters, announcing that the Doctor is going to turn on the scanner; this upsets Susan, who says that this is what she was doing when she was knocked out earlier. The scanner shows the travellers views of the English countryside, the jungles of the planet Quinnis, another world, a solar system, a galaxy and then a flash of light. The Doctor accuses the two teachers of attacking both himself and Susan, and of sabotaging his ship to force him to return them to England. Barbara is angrily denying this when all the clock faces around suddenly start to melt.

The Doctor prepares night-caps for the crew; Susan and Ian try to get him to apologise for his harsh words. With Susan, Ian and Barbara asleep,

Ship

the Doctor returns to work on the console – but a pair of hands reach out and grasp his shoulders . . .

THE BRINK OF DISASTER

The 'attacker' is Ian, who almost instantly collapses. Barbara and Susan have been roused and enter the console area; the Doctor believes this latest action confirms his suspicions about the two teachers. Delirious, Ian calls out, trying to stop the Doctor operating the controls; Susan realises that the teachers cannot have caused the situation. The Doctor, ruthless, announces that he is putting Ian and Barbara off the ship. His plan is interrupted by the noise of the ship's danger signal. The whole of the fault locator area is illuminating. As Ian recovers, the Doctor admits that he has misjudged the teachers. The old man informs his friends that they are on the brink of destruction and must work together.

Barbara reasons out the strange sequence of events – time has been taken away from them in the form of the clocks, and is being given back in the form of light because it is running out. It becomes clear that the ship itself is in danger and has been trying to warn its occupants of the fault – via the food machine, for example. Something is attempting to make the power source of the craft, housed beneath the central column, escape. This could only be a force as massive as a solar system.

With only minutes left to live, the crew study the images on the scanner again – with the doors opening when 'safe' pictures are displayed. The Doctor understands what has happened; outside the ship, matter is forming together to become a new solar system. When they left Skaro to return to Earth, the Doctor activated the console's fast return switch, which has taken them back too far. With Ian's help, the Doctor dismantles the switch and shows that a spring inside it has not released itself. The ship returns to normal. The Doctor apologises to Susan and Ian, but it is some time later before he can communicate the extent of his regret to Barbara, whose clear thinking has saved them.

The ship has landed in a cold environment; the crew prepare to venture outside. Via the scanner, Ian and the Doctor see that Susan and Barbara have found a huge footprint in the snow: "It must have been made by a giant . . ."

"You said some terrible things . . ."

With disaster averted, the Doctor attempts to apologise to Barbara for his earlier accusations

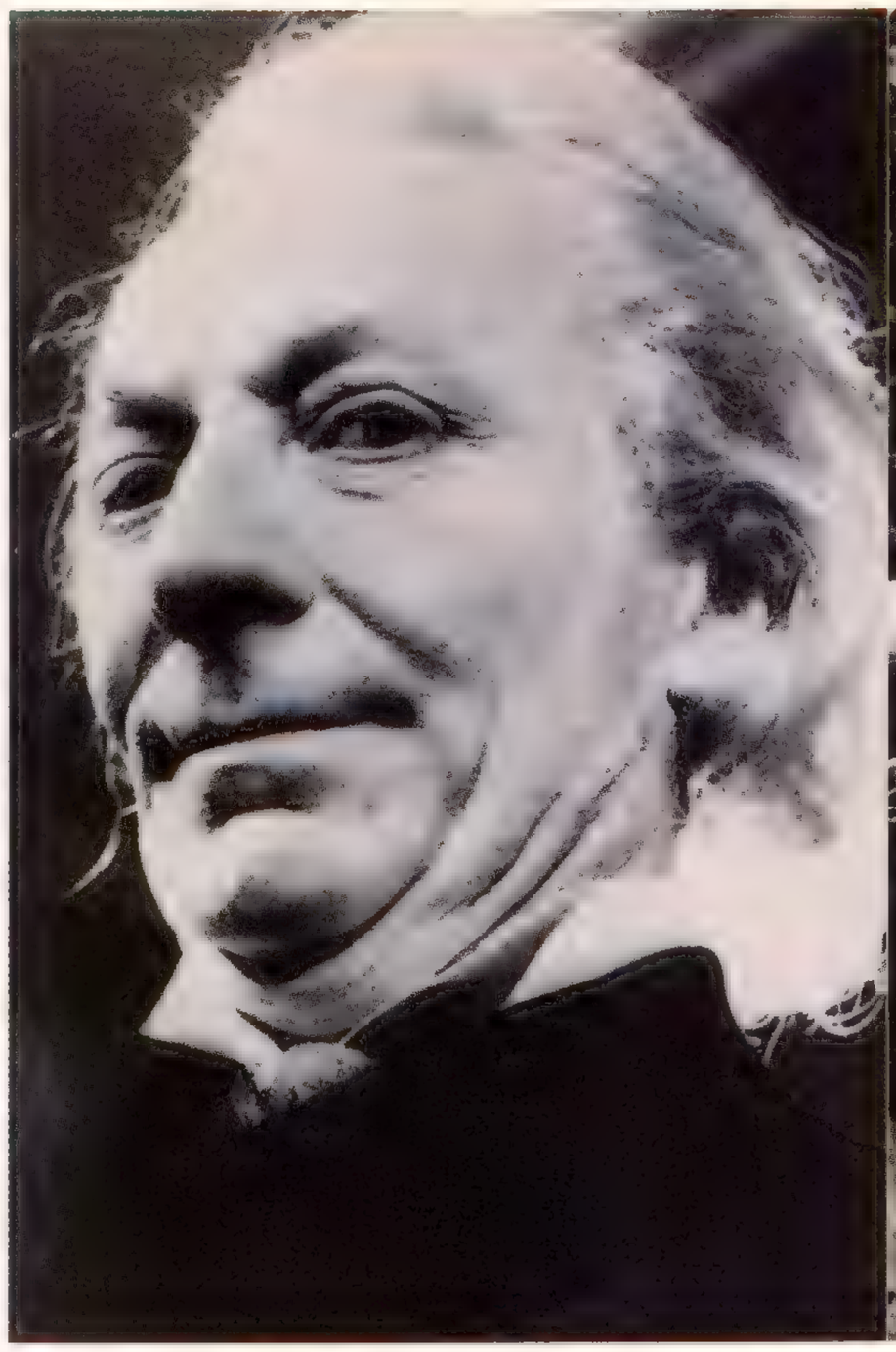
DOCTOR I'd like to talk to you, if I may. We've landed on a planet and the air is good, but it's rather cold outside.
BARBARA Susan told me.
DOCTOR You still haven't forgiven me, have you?
BARBARA You said some terrible things to us.
DOCTOR Yes, I suppose it's the injustice that's upsetting you, and when I made a threat it must have affected you very deeply.
BARBARA What do you care what I think or feel?
DOCTOR As we learn about each other – so we learn about ourselves.

From Inside the Spaceship: The Brink of Disaster
by David Whitaker

The origins of this offbeat and rather bizarre two-part interlude featuring only *Doctor Who*'s regular cast and the TARDIS itself seem to lie in late October 1963. During September, the running order for the first three serials had been settled on as *The Tribe of Gum* (later *100,000 BC*) by Anthony Coburn, *The Masters of Luxor* again by Coburn, *Marco Polo* (aka *A Journey to Cathay*) by John Lucarotti, a "miniscule" story featuring a miniaturised TARDIS crew by Robert Gould, *Beyond the Sun* (later *The Mutants*) by Terry Nation and a Malcolm Hulke storyline set in Roman-occupied Britain circa 400 AD. By late September, the decision had been taken to transpose Nation's serial with Coburn's Luxor story. During October, the Roman storyline had been dropped in favour of a historical to be written by story editor David Whitaker; this was to be followed by *The Hidden Planet* by Hulke and *The Red Fort* by Nation.

On Friday 1 November, the BBC issued a document entitled "Amendment to Promotional Material: 'DR WHO'" to supplement the original release of Tuesday 30 July. The first three serials now bore the working titles of *Dr Who and a 100,000 BC*, *Dr Who and the Mutants* and a new two-part serial, *Dr Who inside the Spaceship*. These three stories would comprise the first 13 episodes of the series' potential 52-week run because on Wednesday 16 October, Donald Baverstock – Chief of Programmes for BBC Television – had said that he would only commit to 13 episodes of *Doctor Who*. With the Coburn and Nation serials spanning four and seven episodes respectively, the two-part gap was taken up by a 'filler' to be penned by Whitaker.

The director named on the press document as having been assigned to this two-parter was Patricia 'Paddy' Russell, a former actress who had joined the BBC in 1951 and become an assistant floor manager to producer Rudolph Cartier (working on the Quatermass serials, among others). Russell was one of the BBC's first female directors.



The two-part slot allowed Whitaker to develop a notion he'd conceived during the show's formative weeks in July: a character-driven piece also exploring more facets of the Doctor's amazing space/time ship. It appeared that there was an overspend on the first two serials, and that the *Marco Polo* narrative was likely to be expensive; as a result, a two-parter which required minimal new sets and no guest cast would allow considerable budgetary savings. (In the final tally, the first instalment would cost £1,480 to make, with the second coming in at £,1506 – the two cheapest episodes of *Doctor Who* ever made, and way below the nominal £2,500 budget per episode of the time.) It also fulfilled the third criterion for the types of serial originally planned to feature in *Doctor Who* – 'past', 'future' and 'sideways'. The information document also gave storylines for the first three serials; that for *Dr Who inside the Spaceship* was the shortest, reading: "Dr Who and his companions find themselves facing a terrifying situation within the ship itself."

According to Whitaker, he wrote the scripts for this strange 'mystery' piece very rapidly over two days and nights at the request of producer Verity Lambert. Since he was also the story editor, it was decided that he would receive a credit purely as the writer of the episodes, thus avoiding potential problems with the Writers' Guild – which took a dim view of story editors commissioning scripts from themselves. (Whitaker's formal clearance to write the serial would not be given until Monday 10 February 1964, during its broadcast.)

"I spent about two days and most of two nights writing this weird, mysterious set piece . . . It was, to be frank, a bit of a nightmare"

David Whitaker

On Thursday 14 November, the series' regular cast – William Hartnell, William Russell, Jacqueline Hill and Carole Ann Ford – had the first option on their contracts extended, taking them beyond the initial eight episodes to appear in the final three episodes of Serial B, both episodes of Serial C and the whole of Serial D – an additional 12 episodes. However, the following day Baverstock re-iterated that he would not extend the show beyond 13 instalments. Finally, the day before *Doctor Who* debuted on BBC Television, the situation was clarified when Baverstock authorised 26 episodes in all, suggesting that a further 13 would also be ordered.

In his two scripts, *The Edge of Destruction* and *The Brink of Disaster*, Whitaker displayed great attention to detail, even suggesting particular camera angles. Where the Doctor's granddaughter Susan drags herself across the TARDIS floor to Barbara Wright, Whitaker indicated a shot from Susan's point of view ("De-focus Barbara and then clarify the picture"). He described the bandage which Susan locates for the Doctor as "a bandage with brown stripes on it, breaking up the white material". The food machine (already introduced by Nation in his script for *The Dead Planet*) was to dispense water in "a carton . . . rather like a pound carton of sugar, plainly wrapped. A wax container" – as opposed to the clear plastic bag used in the finished programme.

Susan's collapse during her attempt to activate the console would see her swaying "backwards as if being pushed by some invisible force". In the girls' bedroom, it was indicated that Ian Chesterton "presses a switch and three of the circular wall pieces descend and a wall bed is revealed". Recalling Peter Brachacki's original design for the control room from the unbroadcast pilot recorded in September, Whitaker also referred to the mirrored hexagonal floor panel around the console; stage directions specified that "Doctor Who is standing near the control column, but not standing on the silvered floor around the base of the column". The Doctor and Ian make use of the fault locator which had featured in Nation's Dalek storyline (a similar device called the Automatic Appraiser and Internal Critical Rectifier had featured in the first of Coburn's delayed scripts for *The Masters of Luxor*).

Whitaker emphasised overall series continuity with Barbara's references to both Ian's making fire in the Cave of Skulls (from *100,000 BC*) and the Doctor's trickery in the previous Dalek serial. When the clock faces melt a moment later, Whitaker's stage direction read: "All the numbers have melted considerably. Although the original figures are clear enough, they are misshapen and frightening." There was also a reference to the journey recording equipment as described by Susan in the first episode of the Dalek serial.

DIRECTOR: THE BRINK OF DISASTER FRANK COX

After dabbling in acting at school, Frank Cox took a degree in English at Leeds University and found himself moving towards directing and film criticism. Graduating in July 1962, he failed to get into RADA as an actor, and became a filing clerk at Ealing Studios before taking a holiday job at the BBC as a floor assistant. After working on shows such as *Maigret* and *The Black and White Minstrel Show* for a few months, Cox was fortunate that the Corporation were expanding its television department – the launch of BBC2 was rapidly approaching – and, although he applied to become an assistant floor manager, Cox was lucky enough to be offered a position on the television directors' six-week training course, directing a play called *The Bike For Star Story*.

The script for *The Brink of Disaster* consisted of a mere four scenes – the first in the main control room taking up the bulk of the running time. Picking up on the notion that a telepathic link might exist between the Doctor and Susan, Whitaker's directions at one point read: "Susan and the Doctor look at each other as if a silent communication has passed between them." Retaining the series' original emphasis on the communication of scientific principles, Whitaker structured the peril for the ship and its occupants around the physics by which the galaxy was

"We didn't really know what was going on but we had a super time having histrionics and shouting at each other"

Jacqueline Hill

created, and gave the Doctor a long speech on the subject during the second episode.

Documentation dated Monday 6 January shows that associate producer Mervyn Pinfield was now slated to direct Serial C – replacing Russell. However, a synopsis document for Serials C to E issued the following day indicated that the director was now Richard Martin, a junior director who had handled some episodes of the first Dalek serial. The designer was Raymond Cusick, who had likewise worked on the Dalek saga. With his colleague Barry Newbery at work on pre-production for *Marco Polo*, Cusick would carry on working after the Dalek story to provide the minimal new set requirements. Daphne Dare continued to supervise costumes for the regulars, while Ann Ferrigi took over on make-up design from Elizabeth Blatner.

Various amendments were made to *The Edge of Destruction* script on Thursday 9 January 1964, including: the initial dialogue between Susan and Barbara; additional material about the Doctor going to check the fault locator and Ian asking Barbara to keep an eye on Susan; revision of the material from Ian joining the Doctor at the fault locator to Barbara asking Susan how something could get inside the ship; additional material from Ian in the living area; and rewritten dialogue concerning the TARDIS' landing on the planet Quinnis, the ship's memory bank and the sequence of images which appears on the scanner.

Rehearsals began on Monday 13 January 1964 at the usual venue of the Drill Hall on Uxbridge Road, Hammersmith. Whitaker was to find that the discontinuous behaviour of the TARDIS crew in his scripts went down badly with the cast in general. Hartnell complained about the number of long speeches which he was expected to learn; he also fumbled his lines, turning 'fault locator' into 'fornicator'. Hill welcomed the serial as a chance to explore the characters in more depth than an adventure narrative normally allowed. Ford disliked the scripts since the characters appeared to be going mad without reason; she did not understand the rationale behind the events.

A late change was an alteration to emphasise Susan's use of the scissors as a weapon. In the scene between Ian and Susan in her room, the camera script included a shorter version where, after Susan asks Ian who he is, she drops the scissors and falls unconscious across her bed without stabbing at the bedding. The insert of Susan retrieving the scissors was another addition. Similarly, in a later scene, Barbara takes the scissors off Susan almost immediately after she has asked for them, whereas in the finished episode they are retained as a threat for most of that scene. Also in the camera script, after the clock faces melt Susan says, "We're somewhere where time doesn't exist; where nothing exists except us" – and she is not shown to be watching the Doctor and Ian later when they talk in the living quarters.

The Edge of Destruction was recorded in the regular setting of Studio D at the BBC's Lime Grove Studios on Friday 17 January. Both this episode and the next were taped between 8.30 and 9.45pm. At this time, recording was running just over three weeks in advance of broadcast.

The expansion of the sets by Cusick included a redesign of the living space seen in *The Dead Planet* to make the seating area larger, with a corridor leading to the two bedrooms. The food machine was now located down the corridor outside one of the bedrooms. The rooms were basic affairs with two body-formed couch beds which lowered 'automatically' from the wall. Cusick also modified Shawcraft's TARDIS console by adding the fast return switch, a raised unit with three buttons which could be dismantled as required in the script; the legend 'FAST RETURN SWITCH' was written above this by hand in felt-tipped pen. The mirrored floor plates last seen in the re-recording of *An Unearthly Child* were used for both episodes; they would not appear again until the final episode of *The War Games*. The TARDIS sets were linked, comprising the main control room, the girls' bedroom, Ian's bedroom and the living quarters.

At 3.45pm during camera rehearsals, set and cast photographs were taken for publicity by *Radio Times*, with some portrait shots which were used as the standard publicity cards for Russell, Hill and Ford. The evening recording began with a brief filmed reprise from the end of *The Rescue*, the final episode of the Dalek story; title and writer credit captions were shown over shots of the prone forms of the Doctor, Ian and Susan. Since events continued on directly from the Dalek storyline, the cast retained their costumes from that serial for the opening scenes. (The camera script indicated that all four of the travellers were to leave the ship at the end of the serial, not just Barbara and Susan.)

Friday 24 saw the videotaping of *The Brink of Disaster* in Lime Grove Studio D; this second

INCIDENTAL MUSIC

Incidental music used in the serial was all from stock, with some bands later re-used on other episodes. *The Edge of Destruction* used four bands of *Musique Electronique* tonal effects composed by Eric Siday which totalled about two minutes: these included the opening scene of the prone TARDIS crew, the scenes of Susan attacking her bed with the scissors, Barbara asking the Doctor for more light in the control area (a piece called *Anaesthesia*), the clock faces melting (called *Conflict No 1*) and the Doctor checking that his companions are asleep (*Anaesthesia* again). *The Brink of Disaster* used two bands of music: 58 seconds of *Musique Concrete. The Day the Sky Fell In* composed by Desmond Leslie (for Susan's entering the control room, and running behind the Doctor's monologue about the creation of a solar system) and 15 seconds of *Musique Concrete Part II* by Buxton Orr (the Doctor says that he is putting Ian and Barbara off the ship). *Musique Concrete Part II* was included on *Space Adventures* – a cassette issued in 1987 by the DWAS, with a CD version privately marketed by Julian Knott in 1998.

episode was directed by newcomer Frank Cox. Only three sets were needed in studio – the main control room, the living quarters and a wintry plateau (here, jablite was used to simulate snow). The episode opened with a filmed reprise from *The Edge of Destruction*, with the title and writer captions shown over shots of the Doctor at the console.

To accompany the increasingly violent flares of the fault locator, the camera was juddered to indicate a shock wave hitting the ship; the lighting was dimmed throughout the episode until the Doctor solved the problem. Photocaptions of the English countryside and the planet Quinnis were shown on the scanner as per the previous week; the sequence of pictures showing a planet and the stars was relayed to the monitor off film, having been film-transferred from the previous instalment. The only planned recording break followed the resolution of the situation with the TARDIS returning to normal, before the episode's second scene in the living quarters. For the final sequence, the scanner monitor showed a camera image from the small snowy plateau set, thus leading into the *Marco Polo* narrative. At the end of the evening a single shot of Susan and Barbara standing at the main doors and staring out into the white void was recorded.

Radio Times ran a preview of the new serial in its edition of Thursday 6 February; this comprised a half-page feature with a photograph of the regular cast from *The Edge of Destruction*. The teaser item commented that "The four travellers inside their unusual space ship are joined by a strange presence", gave a resumé of both the series' format and the first two stories and hinted that a fifth presence has got on board "the space craft Tardis". The national press were also starting to run features about the Daleks – prompted in part by the BBC's donation of two Daleks to a Dr Barnardo's Home in Ilford at the start of the week – with the *Daily Mail* on Saturday 8 February (the day *The Edge of Destruction* went out) carrying an item on buying a Dalek. During the following week, *Blue Peter* ran another item on the Daleks, and the creatures featured in a sketch on *Crackerjack*.

The new serial retained the first Dalek story's high viewing figures for its debut episode, although these declined slightly the second week. ITV competition was poor, many regions re-running old 'swashbuckler' film series (*The Adventures of Robin Hood* on Southern, for example, and *The Buccaneers* on ATV-London). Audience appreciation figures remained good, however. At the BBC, Lambert and her team received unfavourable comments from colleagues who had worked on children's drama programmes about the scene in which Susan uses scissors as a weapon; it was generally felt that they had overstepped the mark.

The 405-line master videotape of *The Edge of Destruction* was wiped on Thursday 17 August 1967, while that for *The Brink of Disaster* was erased on Friday 31 January 1969. 16mm film recordings of the serial were among the most extensively marketed around the world: ABC in Australia purchased the serial in May 1964, rating it A for transmission in April 1965; New Zealand broadcast the serial between December 1964 and May 1965; Canada purchased the serial in 1964 for broadcast on CBC in April 1965; it was also sold to Aden, Singapore, Gibraltar, Malta, Trinidad and Tobago, Bermuda, Zambia, Nigeria, Cyprus, Rhodesia and Hong Kong in 1965, Uganda, Thailand, Ghana, Jamaica and Kenya in 1966, Mauritius, Saudi Arabia, Sierra Leone, Iran, Mexico, Tunisia and Venezuela in 1967, Algeria in 1973 and the Dominican Republic and Ethiopia prior to 1973. It was one of the final monochrome *Doctor Who* serials still available for overseas sale in 1974. As such, BBC Enterprises had retained the negatives and they were returned to the BBC Film and Videotape Library, along with copies of both episodes dubbed into Arabic (an extract from this version of *The Edge of Destruction* was shown on *Nationwide* on Wednesday 22 November 1978, while a section of *The Brink of Disaster* turned up on BBC Video's June 1991 release *Doctor Who – The Hartnell Years*) and a Spanish print of the first episode (*La Edad de la Destruccion*). The serial was sold to North America in 1984 where it is also syndicated as a TV Movie of 46 minutes' duration titled *The Edge of Destruction*. A copy is also held by the National Film and Television Archive.

> **"We had to keep the team occupied and produce the goods, but there was no money. You just had to experiment with exciting ways of shooting the set"**
>
> **Richard Martin**

TITLE INSIDE THE SPACESHIP

There has been much confusion over the titling of this serial over the years. The scripts were titled "DOCTOR WHO – SERIAL 'C'" with no overall serial title. The title *Dr Who – Inside the Spaceship* appears on paperwork from Friday 1 November through the period of production up to Monday 27 January. The title *In the Spaceship* is used in a list of Whitaker's credits on a promotional document for *The Rescue* issued Friday 20 November 1964. Overseas sales documentation throughout the sixties always referred to it as *Inside the Spaceship* (as did lists of titles generated by the production office in 1965), with one seventies BBC Enterprises document erroneously titling it *Beyond the Sun* (a working title for the preceding Dalek serial). During the seventies and eighties, it was commonly referred to as either *The Edge of Destruction* or *Beyond the Sun* in reference works.

David Whitaker died in 1980, and so the episodes were expanded and novelised by WH Allen editor Nigel Robinson as *Doctor Who – The Edge of Destruction*. This was published in hardback in May 1988 with a cover painting by Alister Pearson; the paperback edition, Book No 132, was published in October 1988.

BSB broadcast the two episodes under the title *The Edge of Destruction* as part of its *Doctor Who* weekend on Saturday 22 September 1990, but transmitted the shows in the wrong order, necessitating an additional screening the following day. Again billed as *The Edge of Destruction*, it has since been shown on UK Gold in both episodic and compilation forms. DWM

SERIAL C INSIDE THE SPACESHIP

CAST **William Hartnell** *Dr Who*, **William Russell** *Ian Chesterton*, **Jacqueline Hill** *Barbara Wright* and **Carole Ann Ford** *Susan*.

CREDITS *Written by* **David Whitaker**. *Title music by* **Ron Grainer, BBC Radiophonic Workshop**. *Designer* **Raymond Cusick**. *Producer* **Verity Lambert**. *Associate Producer* **Mervyn Pinfield**. *Directed by* **Richard Martin** [1], **Frank Cox** [2].

ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION

Episode	Transmitted	Time	Drn.	Rating (pos.)	A.App
The Edge of Destruction	8 February 1964	5.15-5.40pm	25'04"	10.5M (21st)	61
The Brink of Disaster	15 February 1964	5.15-5.40pm	22'11"	9.9M (31st)	60

The life & times of Jackie Jenkins

In which Jackie learns that one of the tiniest words in the English language can have an infinite number of meanings once fan paranoia has you in its grip . . .

Wednesday

The Moon & Mushroom, 9pm "No," I explained, jiggling my left earring. "They're little K9s, made out of Fimo by a friend who knew I was a *Doctor Who* fan."

He said nothing in acknowledgement but, "Oh." A short "oh." A breathy "oh." An "oh" that travelled up with an exclamation mark rather than down. An "oh" that was light, an "oh" that was polite, an "oh" of surprise. A gentle gasp of surprise, a brief gasp of an "oh", a social, genial gasp, a breezy gasp, an easy gasp, a free and easy, breezy gasp.

Glorified Smurfs

A cheery gasp that perhaps carried with it a laugh. Yes, in its expression and intonation, a laugh. A laugh of a gasp. The sound of the end of a laugh, the tired, exhausted end of a laugh that made something remembered momentarily amusing.

An affable "oh", missing the 'really?' which asked for explanation.

An 'Oh, really?' "oh", an interested, absent 'really?' which now was a question but still travelled up; an 'Oh, really? Why did they take it off?' "oh", a 'What was the one with the maggots?' "oh", a 'Who was after Tom Baker?' "oh" and an 'Aren't there episodes missing?' "oh". Yes, it was a laughed 'Let's discuss Doctors' or an 'I saw a clip on a show' "oh". Definitely an 'I had a book, *The Invasion of Something*, or *The Something Invasion*'-type "oh". The laugh recalled the fun of it, the being scared, the being young with it.

But it was only an "oh". An "oh" of surprise, perhaps mocking surprise. On reflection, the gasp was a huff, a mocking huff of an "oh", a huff that said 'Pardon?', a snort that said 'Why?', a jeering, mocking, sneering huff that asked 'Why?' A ridiculous 'Why?' that perhaps, as before, carried with it a laugh, a snigger of a laugh, the titter, the chuckle, the start of a laugh, the beginnings of a bubble of mirth. A scoffable "oh", an 'oh, why?' of an "oh", a 'That's naff and cheap and over' "oh". A 'What's the appeal of a programme so slow, so old, a children's show?' "oh". Yes, a scoffable, a 'No wonder it finished' dig at the knockable, a 'That Martin Clunes was in it and he says he's embarrassed' "oh", a 'Bet you dress up' of an "oh".

But it was only an "oh". An "oh" of surprise – perhaps, I think, of honest surprise. But a spirited, honest emittance, an eager, robust emittance that was less of a huff and more of a cry. A snappy, eager "oh", a bright-eyed and bushy-tailed "oh", a ready-to-go, on-your-toes "oh". An "oh" of earnestness, of zeal and zest, an 'Oh yes' of an "oh", a passionate 'Yes but' of a 'yes', an affectionate, respectful, sufficing 'but' of a 'yes'. A 'but' of an "oh". A 'Yes but what about *Star Trek*?'-type "oh". An 'I love *Star Trek*' of a 'but', an 'obsessional in all of its forms' of an "oh", a 'Don't you? You can't go 'til you do' of an "oh". An 'I respect what you say but this is superior' 'but', an 'I am superior'-type of a 'but', a pious, sanctimonious 'Make it so' "oh".

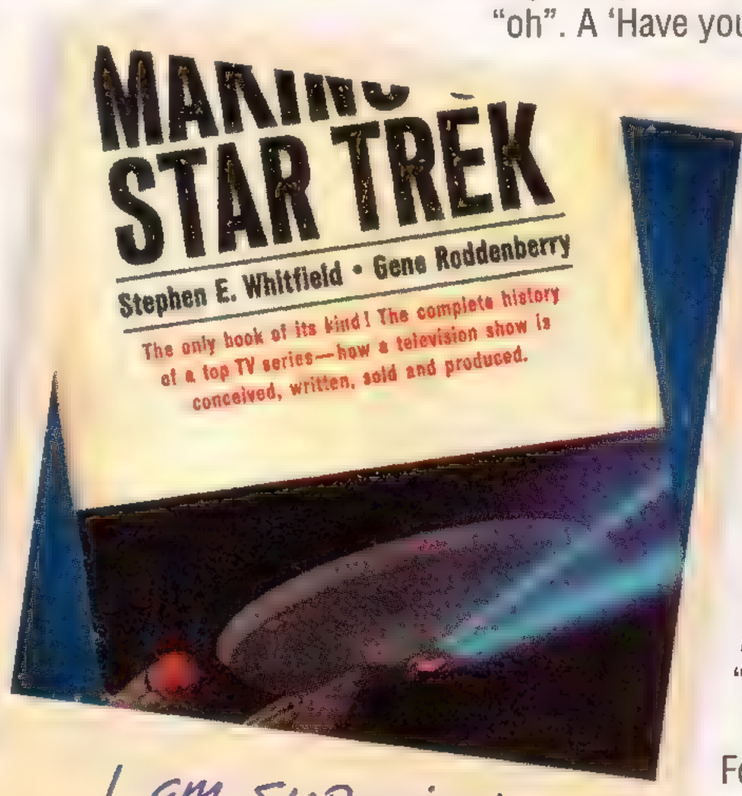
Or was it a disillusioned "oh"? An offish, 'take a dim view' of an "oh". A sigh of an "oh". A disagreeable, contemptuous, sigh of disdain.

A haughty sigh, a lofty one, a piously keen, uppity, 'hardly Tolkien' of a sigh, an 'Oh please' of a sigh, a literary elitist's 'Oh dear, no' of a sigh. An insolent sigh of a 'no', a scholarly 'Science fiction's beneath me' 'no', a vomiting, regrettable, '*Hobbit* unbeatable' 'no'. An 'As a fantasy academic, you're a thousand times removed' of a 'no', an 'Aren't you small? Aren't I clever?' sort of an "oh", a "You must try harder, improve yourself, move yourself, up yourself "oh". An 'I could redeem myself, cleanse myself, mend myself if I but took to his glorified Smurfs' of an "oh".

Or perhaps it was different again. An "oh" of surprise, but of ill-fortuned surprise, a bad luck, a 'there, there' of surprise. A 'shame' of an "oh", a square peg in a round hole of a woe, an afflicted 'Do I talk to you slow?' of an "oh". An 'I see you're gormless and dunceish' "oh", a woe of an "oh". A 'How do you manage and who cooks your lunches?' "oh", a 'Do you have six fingers on the one hand and live with your mother?'-type woe. A wooden, mutton, dunderheaded, 'Do you smell of toads?'-type of woe.

But it was only an "oh". An 'I see' kind of an "oh". A perhaps wary, prudent 'I see' of an "oh". An 'I've gotcha, I know what you're saying' 'I see'. A knowing 'That's fine, I'm open-minded, though I wouldn't have guessed until you said it' 'I see'. A 'No, I couldn't have guessed' of an "oh". A reflective, 'Of the series I've heard as much' of an "oh". A 'Have you got tapes of *Cell Block H*?' of an "oh", a 'Does it attract straight people too?' sort of an "oh".

Or was it a fan of an "oh"? An "oh" of 'You're joking,' a 'You're joking, you're never, me too' of an "oh". A 'Let's start initially cultured, then get rat-arsed and slaughtered and slag off the Beeb' of an "oh". A 'One of me' of an "oh", a 'Fan since when?' of one, a 'May I present you with a needless list of favourites on the understanding that you can't disagree on one' of an "oh". A 'Have you, by chance, anything on tape you shouldn't have, or any invented news you couldn't have?' "oh". A tactful one, a 'Which book strand?' "oh", a testing 'Have you kept or taped over *Dimensions in Time*?' of an "oh". Concerning the New Zealand episode find, a 'Can't quite hide my regret it wasn't *Rider From Shang-tu*' of an "oh".


STAR TREK
Stephen E. Whitfield • Gene Roddenberry
The only book of its kind! The complete history of a top TV series—how a television show is conceived, written, sold and produced.

I am Superior!

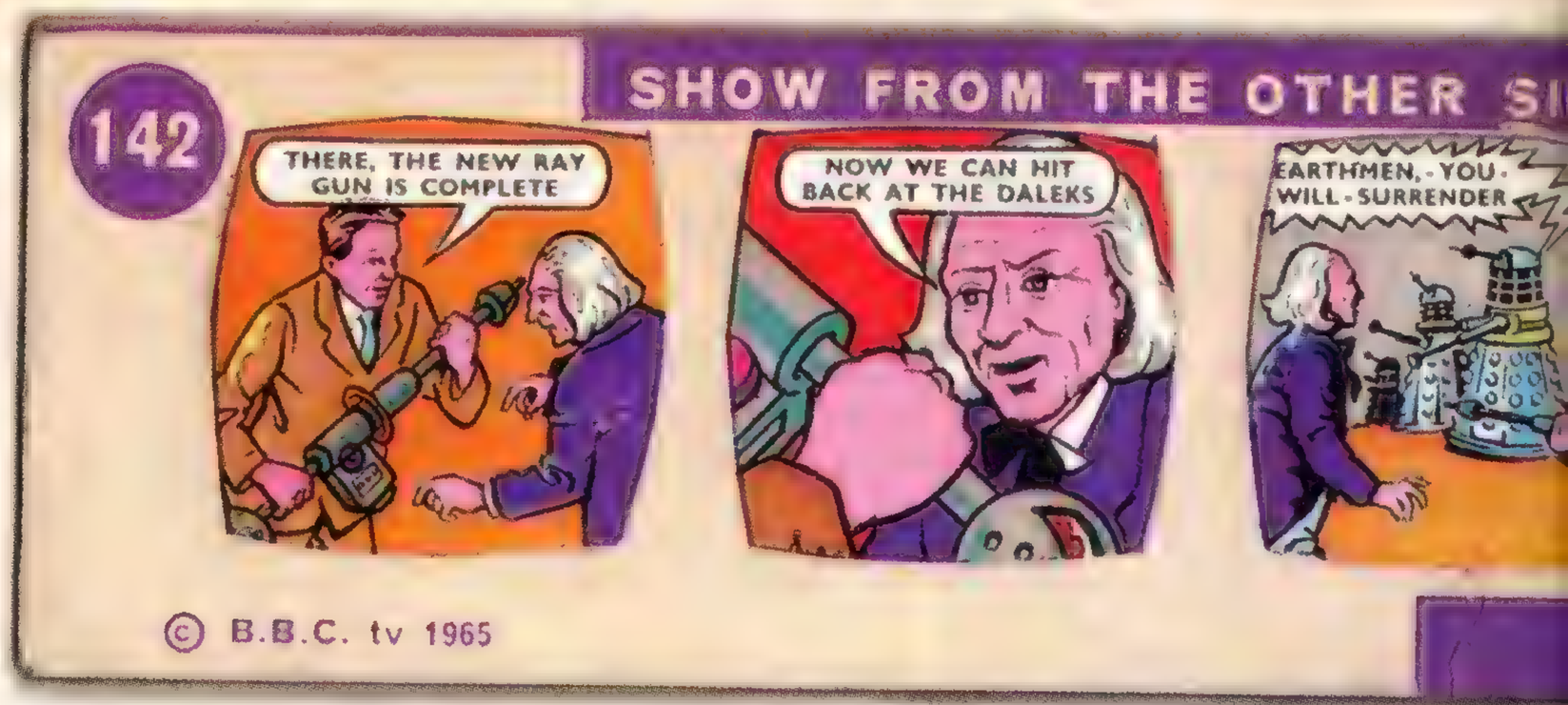
But it was only an "oh". Followed, seconds later, by another "oh". A cursory, "Oh." A yawn of an "oh", an 'I'm bored, when can I go?' of an "oh". A 'So what?' of an "oh", a 'So what? Not impressed' looking over-my-shoulder sort of an "oh", impressed-by-a-chest sort of an "oh".

Oh.

Thrilling adventures in Time and Space

PART TWO

Dalek Death Rays


142
SHOW FROM THE OTHER SI
THERE, THE NEW RAY GUN IS COMPLETE
NOW WE CAN HIT BACK AT THE DALEKS
EARTHMEN, YOU WILL SURRENDER
© B.B.C. tv 1965

Three decades ago, the *Doctor Who* universe was a very different place. Most fans had no means by which they could view past episodes again, but they did have access to many exciting adventures in other formats. To them, the Quarks were deadly and persistent foes, the Doctor's young relatives were legion, Vortis must have seemed like the centre of the cosmos and giant insects lurked everywhere.

There was no suggestion that these off-screen adventures were, in any sense, 'not real'. Why should there be, when all were licenced by the BBC and many were written by TV stalwarts David Whitaker and Terry Nation? No, it was only much later that fans began to harbour such precious notions. As the idea of restricting the official *Doctor Who* canon took hold, tales told in colouring books, *TV Comic* and Give-a-Show projector strips were dismissed and forgotten.

Nevertheless, some of these spin-offs provide – at least – an interesting insight into how *Doctor Who* was perceived in those bygone days. For example, while the TV series occasionally stuck to its educational remit – well, until *The Highlanders*, anyway – the spin-offs all but abandoned the idea of adventures in history. Throughout the sixties, there were only two exceptions: they occurred side-by-side in the World Distributors *Doctor Who Annual* for 1968, and they took the Second Doctor, Ben and Polly to the time of Admiral Nelson and the tomb of Tutankhamen. For the most part, merchandisers reckoned that they knew what attracted people to the series and it wasn't a desire to learn about our past. It was monsters, monsters and more monsters.

As a result of this thinking, many of TV's supposed one-hit wonders were trotted out for rematches with the Doctor in other formats. And why not? Look at the Mechonoids, for instance. They were certainly intended to be permanent additions to *Doctor Who* lore. Ambitions to use them as recurring enemies for the Daleks were thwarted only by their cumbersome design and, perhaps, by the fact that they sounded like Larry the Lamb. In comic strip form, they were able to overcome these handicaps and achieve their full potential. Surely, then, the Mechonoids' appearances in the Dalek strips of *TV Century 21* have at least as great a claim to legitimacy as does any part of the TV series? They are, after all, a purer realisation of the vision of the show's creators.

Even the alien Voord got in on the act, starting in World's first annual, which also featured the Zarbi and the Menoptra (each starring in one Vortis-based adventure) and the Sensorites. In fact, this book spotlights every monster that had appeared in *Doctor Who* up to that point, with two notable exceptions (one being perilously similar to the annual's robotic Mechanistrians).

Companions, on the other hand, were considered, at first, an unnecessary expense. There isn't a single example of the First Doctor travelling with any familiar faces outside of the TV series. Perhaps this was, in part, because the familiar faces on screen had already proved themselves replaceable. Several writers felt the need to have characters on hand to fulfil the companion role, but they weren't all that bothered if they couldn't use Vicki, Steven or Dodo. Instead, the Doctor was treated to a plethora of new assistants, from Tony and Amy Baker (and their dog, Butch) in the first annual to *TV Comic*'s John and Gillian Who to the unidentified woman standing in the TARDIS on the end papers of the second annual. Then, of course, there's the Mortimer family.

The Mortimers made their single appearance in *Doctor Who and the Invasion From Space*. Taking, as it did, the once-popular form of an annual-sized *Television Story Book*, this has the distinction of

"THAT EXPLAINS THE INVASI

Continuing their ongoing series searching out the wilder fringes of non-televised *Doctor Who*, Chris Howarth and Steve Lyons chart the Dalography of Skaro plus all manner of the maddest sixties escapades courtesy Chad Valley, Sky Ray lollies and more!

MADE AND PRINTED IN ENGLAND
142
DK3 - IS - DESTROYED!
WE - MUST - RETURN - HOME
THE DALEKS ARE LEAVING
I WONDER IF THEY WILL RETURN
THE DEFEAT OF THE DALEKS
MADE AND PRINTED IN ENGLAND
152
WE MUST REACH THE ZARBI BRAIN CENTRE
THE LIGHT IS OVERPOWERING
ARGG!
THIS ISOTOPE WILL KILL THE BRAIN
THANKS EARTHMEN. YOU HAVE SAVED US FROM THE ZARBI MENACE
THE ZARBI ARE DESTROYED

WHY WE LOST "THE WAR ON OF URANUS!"

being the first original, self-contained, book-length *Doctor Who* story; in essence, the first *New Adventure*. However, its unfathomable tale, replacement companions and heavy-handed attempts to capture the Doctor's irascibility (he comes across as most unlikeable) make it all seem less than authentic (see, just like a *New Adventure*), which is perhaps why it was to be a one-off.

By the time of the Doctor's first regeneration, it seems that companions were held in higher esteem. Either that or the BBC had lowered their prices a bit. Thus, Ben and Polly made history by accompanying the Second Doctor in the World annual for 1968, and *TV Comic* soon followed suit by forking out for Jamie.

Nonetheless, companions, monsters and the Doctor himself always came a poor second to *Doctor Who*'s real money-spinners. As Dalekmania kicked in, the solo success of Skaro's metal monsters became unprecedented. Imagine, if you will, a toy manufacturer wanting to produce action figures of the Joker but none of Batman, or a publisher commissioning a series of Klingon books without getting bogged down by the likes of Kirk, Spock *et al*. It seems unthinkable, and yet, in the early days of *Doctor Who* spin-offs, people wanted the Daleks; they weren't too fussed about that old bloke and his blue box.

Following the broadcast of the second *Doctor Who* serial, demand for Dalek licences was so great that the BBC was rather caught on the hop and the Christmas of 1964 saw only an initial trickle of licenced items. However, alongside Marx's battery-operated Dalek came one of the most significant pieces of Dalek merchandise ever produced – *The Dalek Book*, which was the first in what was to become a trilogy of annual-style publications devoted to the ongoing adventures of the would-be conquerors of the universe free from any interference from the Doctor.

The Dalek Book included the first instalments of the so-called *Dalek Chronicles*, which Terry Nation had apparently discovered and translated, sometimes with the help of David Whitaker. Further instalments and background information appeared in two subsequent annuals, the reference work *The Dalek Pocket Book* and *TV21*. The *Chronicles* were a broadening and elaboration of Dalek history as established on television and, for many years, could be considered an authentic account of the Daleks' exploits outside of their television appearances (obviously the Doctor couldn't turn up every time they tried to invade somewhere). It was only when *Genesis of the Daleks* was broadcast a decade later that the *Chronicles* began to look apocryphal. But, although Terry Nation contradicted the *Chronicles* by replacing Yarvelling with Davros, he also contradicted the TV series when he replaced the Dals with the Kaleds. Perhaps his initial translations were just a little flawed.

12. RAD-ETHERIC MAGNISCOPE.
IN SIMPLE TERMS THIS IS AN ELECTRIC TELESCOPE THAT 'SEES' BY MEANS OF 'LIGHT IONS' IN THE ETHER. IT GIVES ENORMOUS MAGNIFICATION. WHEN DIRECTED AT A PLANET OVER ONE MILLION MILES AWAY, AND FOCUSED CORRECTLY, THE DALEKS COULD READ THE SMALL PRINT ON THIS PAGE. YOU WILL SEE THAT THE IMAGE PICKED UP BY THE MAGNISCOPE IS PROJECTED ONTO A THREE-DIMENSIONAL SCREEN.

Not only was the Doctor not a problem in *The Dalek Book*, neither was a restrictive BBC budget. Here, the Daleks were able to attack the entire colonised solar system. The saga was told in a mix of comic strips and text stories linked by the central characters of Jeff, Andy and Mary Stone, inhabitants of New Paris on Venus until the Daleks destroyed it. The stories tell of the siblings' capture, escape and subsequent involvement in the fight back against the invaders from Skaro (conveniently placed in orbit around our sun).

One of the most innovative and enjoyable aspects of this book is its embellishing of Dalek lore. The comic strip *Monsters of Gurnian* sees the introduction (and only appearance) of the stilted Marsh Daleks who patrol for two-headed Horrokons, giant monsters indigenous to the 'worst planet in the sky'. There are further revelations in the book's special features: for example, a map of Skaro shows that the Dalek continent Dalazar is separated from the Thal continent Davious by the Ocean of Ooze. And anyone believing that Daleks are armed only with egg whisks and sink plungers would no doubt have been impressed by their array of war machines, including the Thunderiser, the Anti-solarium and Dreamwave. We are also made privy to the inner workings of a Dalek, a Dalek Saucer and even a Dalek Submarine (which was naturally mistaken for a monster when spotted in Loch Ness).

The book does feature one concession towards the series that spawned its stars. Since no other company had bothered to buy a companion at this point, the rights to Susan were snapped up. A short photo story in which she visits Skaro is comprised entirely of pictures from *The Daleks*, all jumbled up and with new captions added. This might lead the unwary to suspect that the same approach was used to create scripts for later TV Dalek epics.

transporter and transolar disks are accompanied by a Dalek cleaver, the Task Leader's solus combat, megallanic cloud cruiser, solar power stations and the Skaro screamer. Nothing like this was ever seen on television. Good thing too – it makes sense that the Daleks would garner their fearsome renown by possessing a powerful invasion fleet, and a bunch of hubcaps on wires would have dented that reputation.

The Dalek World opens with the comic strip *The Mechanical Planet*, set 200 years after the Daleks' defeat by the inhabitants of Earth's solar system. A destructive mechanical planet threatens Skaro, and the Daleks make a plea to the leaders of Earth to return their confiscated armaments to enable their retaliation. The Daleks destroy the threat to Skaro, but, now rearmed, they warn that no planet is safe from conquest. Later in the book, in the strip *The World That Waits*, it transpires that the Mechonoids, the "most evil inventors in all space", were behind the mechanical planet, which only results in them getting a good kicking from the Daleks. The Mechonoids were also significant enemies of the Daleks in *TV21*. It was a clever move pitting the Daleks against an equally evil robotic race, since it meant they could indulge in much extermination and still come out of it the heroes.

The Dalek World's strips and text stories, while not linked quite as heavily as those of the book's predecessor, do share themes and characters. This time, the plot to conquer the Earth, by substituting robot duplicates for world leaders, is foiled by Meric Scrivener, Agent E.M.1 of Unispace Security, and female agent E.W.5, aka Brit. Perhaps not very coincidentally, Unispace agent Brit bears quite a similarity to Space Security agent Sara Kingdom.

America first became aware of *Doctor Who* and the Daleks when the film of that name was released there in 1966. The movie even inspired a few merchandising spin-offs. To attempt to squeeze Peter Cushing's two outings as Dr Who into any sort of a canon is difficult enough in itself, so there's less point in trying to legitimise the spin-offs from these spin-offs. Suffice it to say that the Americans had what would, until the advent of home video, be the best permanent record of the first movie: a comic book adaptation, which appeared as part of Dell's *Movie Classics* series. Though the original is still a sought-after collectors' item, Marvel's 1994 reprint of the strip in its *Classic Comics* title brought it to a wider audience of fans. The adventure looked to be an odds-on favourite to remain the only comic strip appearance of Cushing's incarnation of the Doctor, until Marvel presented a follow-up, *Daleks Versus the Martians*, in a 1996 special. Try fitting that one into continuity!

COMPANIONS, MONSTERS AND THE DOCTOR HIMSELF ALWAYS CAME SECOND TO THE SERIES' REAL STARS – THE DALEKS

Christmas 1965 saw the height of Dalekmania, and presumably Terry Nation thought all his Christmases had come at once. But even among a plethora of items, *The Dalek World* stands out as something special. Even the inside front cover is stunning, as artist Richard Jennings depicts the mighty Dalek task force on its way to conquer some unsuspecting world. The familiar saucer

Back in the UK, we had the opportunity to rearrange a few random stills in *The Dalek World* in order to feel that we were writing, producing and directing the first movie, with another retelling of the story coming via a colouring book titled *Paint and Draw the Film of Dr Who and the Daleks*. What we didn't have, at least for a while, were the Daleks themselves. Terry Nation, keen to

take advantage of the newfound attention paid to his possessions from across the Atlantic, made the Daleks unavailable to *Doctor Who* and attempted to sell them, along with a miraculously resurrected Sara Kingdom, to US TV.

Nation's pilot script for his Dalek series was titled *The Destroyers*, and joining Sara in the struggle against the Daleks were fellow SSS agents David Kingdom (another brother, though a husband might have helped explain why she wasn't Sara Vyon), Jason Corey (who probably had a brother called Marc) and the humanoid robot Seven. Seven, a marvel of futuristic technology as predicted by a couple of sixties comedy writers, also fought alongside Sara in the last of Souvenir Press' three annuals, *The Dalek Outer Space Book* – so, had Nation's US Dalek project ever made it onto TV, it's likely that the publication would have appeared more a spin-off from that than from *Doctor Who*.

Compared to its forerunners, *The Dalek Outer Space Book* was a disappointing effort, which in retrospect seems to exemplify the fading interest in its protagonists – and by protagonists we mean the Daleks, not Russ Winterbotham's Chris Welkin and other unrelated planeteering chums who featured rather heavily. Some of the special features were quite fun and educational for sad people – *The Strata of Skaro*, *The Evolution of Planet Skaro* – but others, like *Man in Space* and *Space Aptitude Test*, wouldn't have seemed out of place in a World Distributors annual. Brad Ashton replaced Whitaker as Nation's co-writer and even Richard Jennings' artwork seemed rather muted. All in all, a general lack of enthusiasm from all concerned is in evidence, as if they knew the Daleks had had their day.

It is perhaps unfortunate that the many details established about the Daleks in their spin-off products failed to feed back into the *Doctor Who* television series. Nevertheless, decades before Abslom Daak turned up in a *New Adventure* or Bernice Summerfield became a comic strip regular, a palpable unification of the spin-offs themselves occurred. The distinctive Daleks of artist Richard Jennings featured in the products of no less than three companies, and he was often called upon to illustrate the character that was as much his as the Daleks were Ray Cusick's – the Golden Emperor.

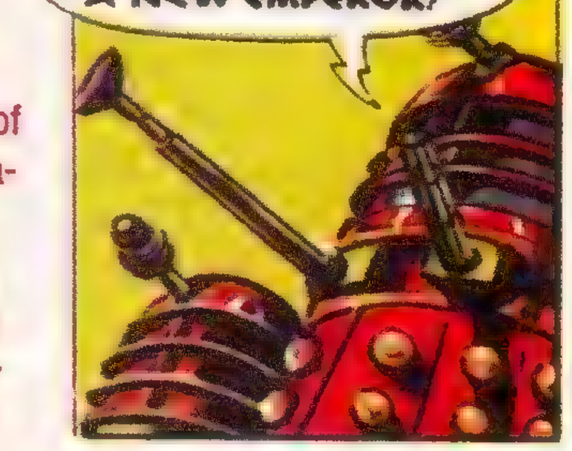
THE EMPEROR DALEK CAME GLOBE-TO-FACE WITH THE DOCTOR ONLY ONCE – IN A SET OF SWEET CIGARETTE CARDS

The dome-headed supreme Dalek made his first appearance in *The Dalek Book*, before following Jennings to TV21. He came globe-to-face with the Doctor during the latter's only visit to the off-screen Dalek universe, when Jennings illustrated a set of 50 trading cards produced for inclusion with Cadet's sweet cigarettes. These cards also featured the mighty Voord, whose sleek black look actually worked well in illustrated form. Finally, the Emperor experienced an apotheosis of sorts in *The Dalek Outer Space Book* [see panel]. It is impossible to say now whether

Mortimers & metal meanies

The Secret of the Emperor 1966

Source Comic strip in *The Dalek Outer Space Book*
Writers Terry Nation and Brad Ashton
Characters off the telly The Dalek Emperor, the Black Dalek, more Daleks
Story From the farthest reaches of space, Daleks return home for the formality of re-electing the Golden Emperor. But there is one dissenting voice: the commander of the Red Extra-Galactic Squadron is critical of the way the invasion of Earth was handled.


I AM COMMANDER OF THE "RED EXTRA-GALACTIC SQUADRON" – WE HAVE TRAVELLED TO MANY GALAXIES. WE KNOW THAT HUMANS ON PLANET EARTH HAVE OUTWITTED US – WE NEED A NEW EMPEROR!

The Emperor instructs his warlord, the Black Dalek, to destroy the entire Red Squadron – but he gives this first challenge to his authority consideration and eventually concludes that he is imperfect. Inside the Great Hall on Skaro, the Emperor is reconstructed, with a far greater electronic brain with which he can plan ever more ingenious campaigns of terror
Continuity The Daleks once again prove themselves to be very stupid – although possessing time travel technology, they attack Earth in 2415, when mankind has the weaponry to defeat them. The Emperor becomes an immobile fixture on Skaro, which is how we see him in *The Evil of the Daleks*, admittedly in very different form. When Davros became the Dalek Emperor and opted for a more mobile hands-on approach, he clearly chose to return to the form of his illustrious predecessor, albeit in his preferred white colour scheme

The Message of Mystery 1964

Source Photo story in *The Dalek Book*
Writers David Whitaker and Terry Nation
Characters off the telly Susan, the Daleks
Story Susan has borrowed the Doctor's TARDIS to visit Venus, but she lands on Skaro instead. She is captured by the Daleks, who refuse to feed her until she agrees to decode a strange message that has landed in their city in a metal container. It takes her all day, but she finally completes the task. She laughs with triumph – but the Daleks have never heard such a sound before. It scares them so much that they lose control, bump into each other and fall ▸

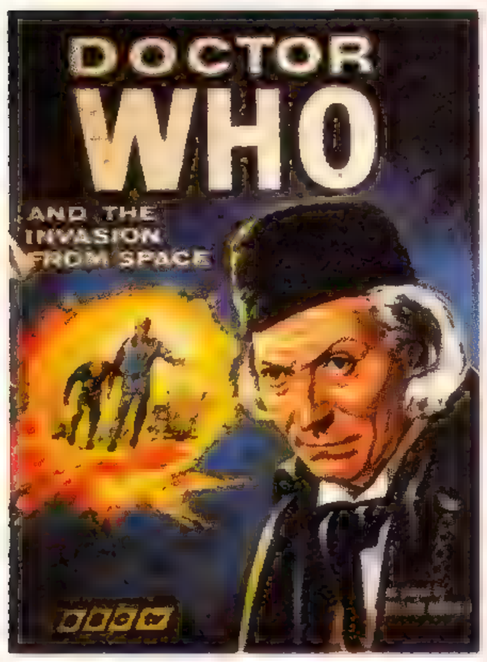
over. Susan flees, but one of the Daleks has grown quite fond of her. It intercepts her outside the TARDIS and begs her to stay. She runs past it and leaves.

Eventually, the Daleks crack the code, thanks to Susan's notes. It reads "Peace and good will to all"

Continuity The story is said to take place "centuries before the Daleks thought of universal conquest". They admire Susan because she isn't afraid of them; they talk about her constantly. Susan doesn't seem to recognise Skaro

Doctor Who and the Invasion From Space 1966

Source *Television Story Book* published by World Distributors
Writer None credited
Characters off the telly The First Dr Who
Story After spinning out of control, the TARDIS lands in the Andromeda galaxy. Dr Who's unsophisticated companions, the Mortimers, believe they are in heaven, and the appearance of the angelic Aalas reinforces that opinion. The Aalas are, in fact, androids. They provide food for the Mortimers while the Doctor is introduced to their leader, The One – a computerised amalgamation of millions of Andromedan minds. The One has had the Doctor brought here so that his technology can be utilised to hasten the invasion of the Milky Way. But The One's dreams of domination are dashed when young Ida Mortimer, angry at not getting more jelly, throws her bowl at the computer's screen and sends it insane
Continuity The cover shows the Doctor wearing the same hat and cloak as in *An Unearthly Child*, possibly dating the story to before then. As for Susan's absence, it could have been a school day. The Doctor inadvertently rescues the Mortimer family (George, Helen and their kids, Ida and Alan) from certain death in the Great Fire of London, which in hindsight is only fair really



the Manchester-based outfit World Distributors were interested in obtaining the publishing rights to the Daleks the first time around. Their track record in producing TV tie-in annuals and their decision to purchase the less desirable but still up for grabs *Doctor Who* suggests that they likely were. Why they should have lost out to the Souvenir Press is further cause for speculation, but it's arguably a good thing they did. Compared to Souvenir's efforts, World's products were definitely the poor relation.

The first of World's 20 *Doctor Who* annuals appeared in 1965. Not only did it have to compete with *The Dalek World* but, because 'Dr Who' (him again!) had been part of *TV Comics*' stable of characters for over a year, with that year's *TV Comic Annual* too.

Unlike the Dalek books, in which the eponymous megalomaniacs had a distinctive existence quite separate to that represented on television, World – with the aid of David Whitaker – made an attempt to recapture in print the essence of a *Doctor Who* season. The annual's cover – with an excellent painting of Hartnell only let down by the accompanying rendition of a triangular-topped structure supposedly meant to represent the TARDIS (which appeared in *The Invasion From Space* too) – hinted at the hit-and-miss nature of the book's contents.

FOR MANY YEARS, THE DALEK CHRONICLES WERE CONSIDERED THE ONE TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE CREATURES' HISTORY

The second and final annual to feature William Hartnell's Doctor was published in 1966. Its print run was lower than the first – partly due to the fact that World had belatedly discovered that the TV Doctor wasn't played by Hartnell any more – and the tone of the book was quite different. Without Whitaker's input, the stories often diverged wildly from the format of *Doctor Who* as established on TV, and this precedent was carried forward into the Troughton era. One memorable tale saw the Second Doctor encouraging Ben to change history with the help of a well-aimed bullet.

Nevertheless, the Doctor proved to have the staying power that his arch-foes lacked. Dalekmania was revealed to have been just a flash in the pan, but *Doctor Who* continued in print form into the seventies and beyond, with his annuals becoming a mainstay of the undiscerning fan's Christmas stocking for decades.

Before enjoying this success, though, World had tried out *Doctor Who* in several different formats. Notwithstanding the *Television Story Book* above, William Hartnell's face also adorned a pair of over-sized *Sticker Fun Book*s (into which colourful pieces of gummed paper featuring the Doctor could be pasted, thus providing minutes of creative sticker fun), two *Puzzle Fun Book*s and a brace of colouring books. One of these, titled *Dr Who on the Planet Zactus*, was obviously World's attempt to emulate *The Web Planet* by producing an experimental story. While the BBC went for an all-alien supporting cast and tubs of Vaseline, World opted for a minimalist approach by having the tale unfold in a series of basic line drawings.

However, in terms of finding innovative ways to depict *Doctor Who* adventures, World couldn't begin to compete with Chad Valley's Give-a-Show projector set. For one thing, it had Daleks and Mechonoids as well as the seemingly ubiquitous Zarbi and Menoptra. The idea was to insert slides of the Doctor, Ian, Barbara and their foes into a plastic torch-like contraption and point it at a wall. Sounds basic now, sure, but for the youth of sixties Britain it must have been like stepping into the future and seeing *Doctor Who* in colour and in widescreen for the first time. Over 150 of these seven-panel peculiarities were issued, some innovative (a diagrammatical explanation for TARDIS' odd internal dimensions in *The Secrets of Tardis*), some retreads of televised stories (*The Web Planet* compacted down to *The Zarbi are Destroyed*, *Planet of Giants* shrunk to *Dr Who in "Lilliput"*) and some simply strange beyond all comprehension (the oddly bathetic *Where Diamonds are Worthless*, for example).

Sadly, in the aftermath of Dalekmania, other merchandisers were slow to see the potential in *Doctor Who*'s leading character. The Troughton era was a lean period for spin-offs, which probably suited the lead actor and his approach to the role. There were the World annuals, of course, and the *TV Comic* strip continued – but, in the latter, monsters were still very much the order of the day. Dr Who shared the spotlight with Cybermen and Quarks, and would have fought the Yeti too had it not been for copyright problems (he got to meet the not-at-all-similar Ice Apes instead).

When the Daleks got back from their vacation in America, they were snapped up both by *TV Comic* and by Walls, who used them in a series of promotional picture cards for their Sky Ray lollies. For now, though, their solo adventures were over, and the Doctor was once again on hand to thwart their power-crazed schemes.

Little did anyone know then that Dalek annuals would make a comeback . . .

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DWM 277

On sale 8 April!

The Dalek master

Seminal comic artist Ron Turner passed away late last year. Here, Ron's agent John Lawrence remembers the man who brought the Dalek Chronicles to such vivid life . . .

During the last year of their reign in the sixties comic *TV21*, the Daleks were suddenly imbued with a new vitality; spacecraft escaped from the confines of their prison-like grids and fairly leaped off the page. Dalek technology also achieved new heights of excellence and their enemies could well live in fear of such new and awesome machines. The reason for this dynamic change was due to artist Ron Turner giving the strip a new lease of life in his own, unique way.

Since the early fifties, Ron had been responsible for scores of the most imaginative scenes ever to grace the covers of SF paperbacks, the most popular being the Vargo Statten books written by John Russell Fearn. When most artists were painting little green men from Mars, Ron was introducing us to weird and wonderful creatures from other galaxies altogether. When other artists thought their cigar tunes with fins were the cat's whiskers, Ron's spacecraft were blasting off in various shapes and sizes, but all convincingly designed and amazingly detailed. Later, when the

Grayswandir

Left and above The Golden Emperor's exploits continue in Ron Turner's finished artwork for the first two instalments of his final, never-to-be-completed Dalek adventure, *Deadline to Doomsday* **Below** Two of Ron's earliest SF book jackets **Bottom right** Ron in his studio with the cover for Marvel's *Dalek Chronicles* compilation

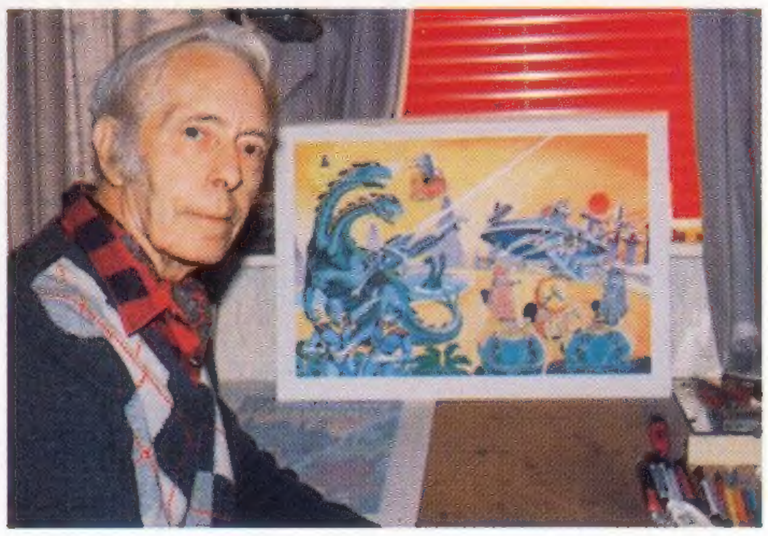
painting-by-numbers kits. But he missed the creativity of SF – so, in 1966, when he was given the opportunity to take on *Doctor Who*'s most formidable metal foes for *TV21*, rampaging Terrorkons couldn't have kept him away. The work was quite demanding, but after a couple of fill-in episodes, Ron hit his stride and began a regular run with issue 59, where readers revelled in the sight of a fantastic Dalek observatory. Who else would have thought of combining an exterior with an interior scene by making the walls transparent and so add a surreal twist to a stunning centrepiece? Ron always tried to add a note of originality to his work if the subject matter allowed, and this one was tailor-made for experimentation. The result was a *tour de force* of his prolific imagination and, throughout the series, the Daleks were never better displayed.

Sadly, the so-called 'Dalek Chronicles' were brought to an end in 1967, as the sons of Skaro planned to invade Earth. But, as the Daleks went on to meet the good Doctor, Ron went on to meet other SF alumni – including the crew of *Star Trek*, Judge Dredd, Dan Dare and many others – before returning to provide further fantastic scenes for a new line of SF paperbacks. But Ron never forgot the Daleks and, after being commissioned to provide a cover for Marvel's *The Dalek Chronicles* compilation in 1995, he often wondered if the strip would return. It was during a lull in his workload the following year that Ron produced a new Daleks page purely 'on spec'; his enthusiasm shone through. Realising the potential in a new run of the strip I, as Ron's agent, sent the work through to **DWM**'s editor, who was similarly impressed – and, early in 1997, the six-part *Return of the Elders* saw print, continuing the story of the Daleks' first attempt to invade our planet. Two pages of a further story, *Deadline to Doomsday*, were produced – but, alas, the whole tale will now never be seen. Ron died aged 76 on 19 December 1998.

Ron Turner was undoubtedly one of this country's finest SF artists, and his enormous talent will be greatly missed. But that year in the mid-sixties was one of the happiest of his career – and for which *Doctor Who* fans will remember Ron as the true master of the Daleks. **DWM**

paperback boom tailed off, Ron brought us his own comic creation Space Ace – and later still, Rick Random – in their own popular, long-running strips.

In the sixties, Ron came down to Earth when the firm of Craftmaster lured him away from comic strips to become the premier artist for their



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